

# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN













# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

SENIOR ISSUE

1936

Published by the  
GRADUATING CLASS  
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE  
Collegeville, Indiana

## Foreword

THE time has come when we, the Class of '36, must bid a last farewell to the Alma Mater which has sheltered us for so many years. Grateful for all the joys we have found during our sojourn, we wish to perpetuate them by means of this, the final issue of the Collegian. May this volume ever be a source of happy memories to us all!



The  
St. Joseph's Collegian

Volume XXIV

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE  
COLLEGEVILLE, IND.

Number Eight

May — June, 1936



Charter Member



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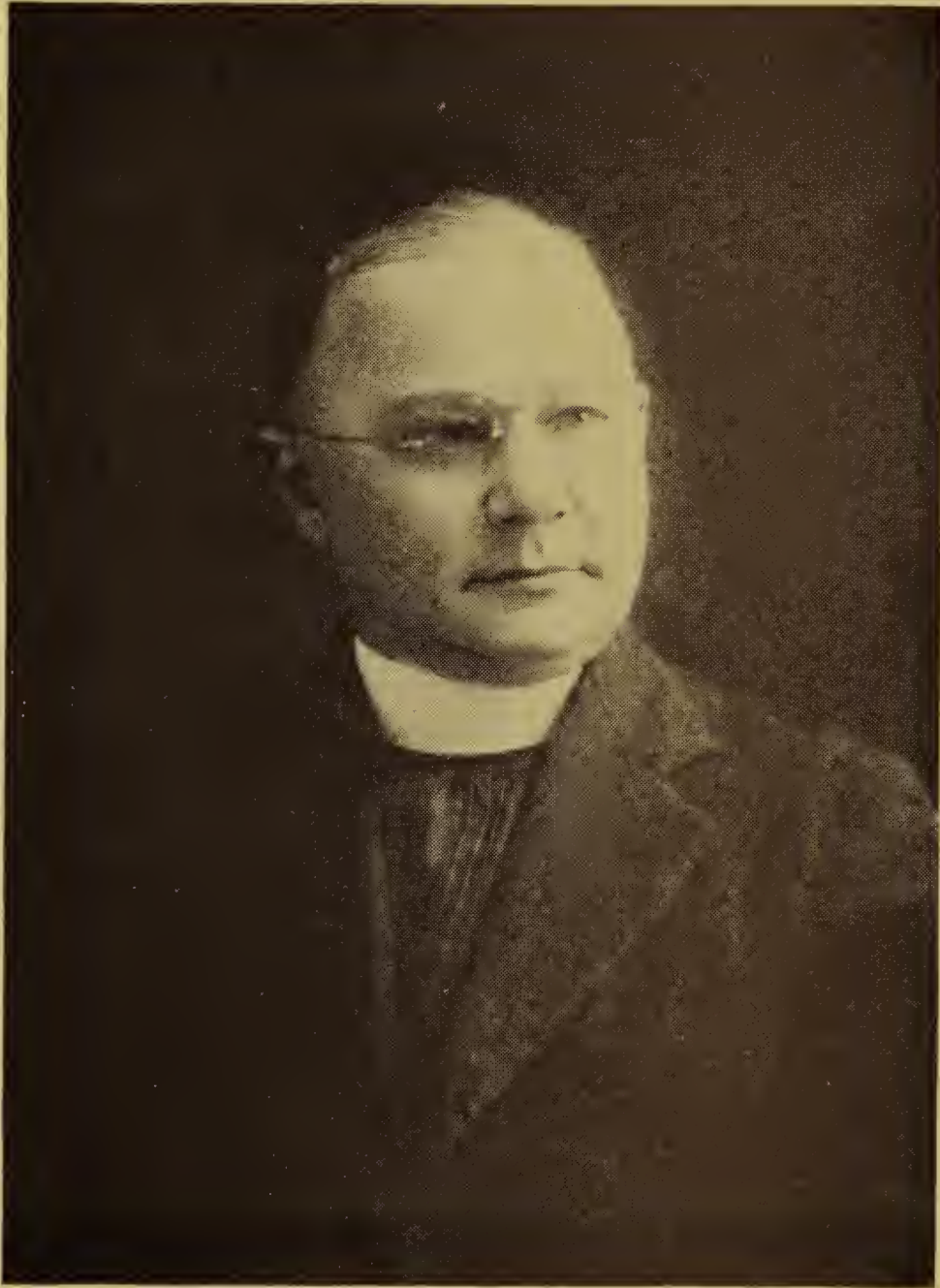
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The Rev. Anthony Paluszak, C. PP. S., Ph. D.



### **Dedication**

WITH sincere gratitude we, the Class of '36, respectfully dedicate this Senior Issue of the Collegian to one who has ever proved himself a kind friend and a willing instructor — Father Paluszak.





# GRADUATES



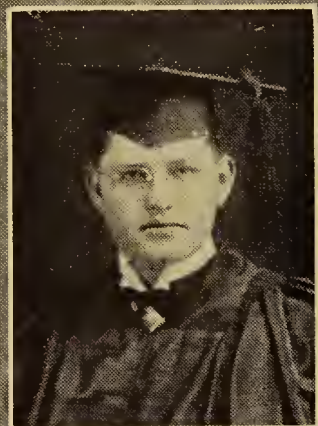
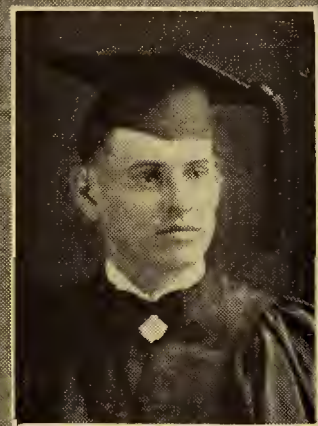


ANDERSON, ROMAN — *Newman Club, 1, president; Columbian Literary Society, 2, Executive Committee, 1, secretary, 1; Raleigh Club, 3, president, 1; choir, 2; Dwenger Mission Unit, 3; Monogram Club, 2; varsity football, 2; Collegian Staff, associate editor, 1.*

BECKMAN, ROBERT — *Columbian Literary Society, 3; Raleigh Club, 3; "The Gray Overcoat"; class baseball, 2; Dwenger Mission Unit, 3, publicity agent, 1; varsity baseball, 1.*

BENSMAN, HERBERT — *Newman Club, 1; Columbian Literary Society, 3; Raleigh Club, 4; Glee Club, 1; class baseball, 3; Dwenger Mission Unit, 5; class softball, 1.*

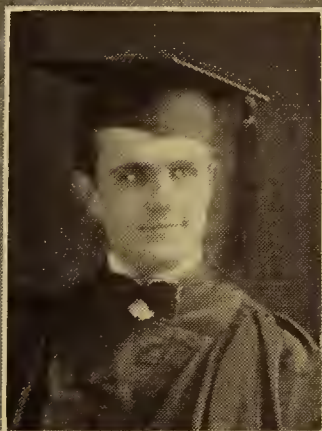
BUBALA, EDWARD — *Newman Club, 1, vice-president; Columbian Literary Society, 2; Raleigh Club, 1; Monogram Club, 2; varsity football, 1; varsity basketball, 2; varsity baseball, 1; Collegian Staff, 1; class football, manager, 2; class basketball, co-manager, 1; class softball, co-manager, 1; Dwenger Mission Unit, 4.*







BURNS, ALVIN — *Newman Club, 1, president; Columbian Literary Society, 3, treasurer, 1, vice-president, 1; Raleigh Club, 4; stage manager.*



D'ANGELO, BENEDICT — *Newman Club, 1; Columbian Literary Society, 2; Raleigh Club, 3; band, 4; Vagabonds, 1; "Thief In The House"; Dwenger Mission Unit, 4; class football, 1; class softball, 1.*



DOODY, TIMOTHY — *Raleigh Club, 4; Columbian Literary Society, 2; Newman Club, 1, secretary, 1; Senior athletic manager; Monogram Club, 1; Glee Club, 2; class football, 2; class basketball, 2; class softball, 2; class tennis, 2; Collegian staff, 1; orchestra, 3; Dwenger Mission Unit, 6.*



DREILING, NORBERT — *Newman Club, 1; Columbian Literary Society, 2, vice-president, 1; Monogram Club, 3, president, 1; varsity football, 1; varsity baseball, 4; Collegian staff, 1; "Don't Make Me Laugh"; class football, 1; class basketball, 2; Dwenger Mission Unit, 4, publicity committee, 1; Raleigh Club, 3.*

DUROCHER, AURELE — *Columbian Literary Society*, 2; *Collegian staff*, 1; *Dwenger Mission Unit*, 2; *Raleigh Club*, 2.

FERENCAK, ANDREW — *Raleigh Club*, 1; *varsity football*, 2; *Collegian staff*, 1; *Dwenger Mission Unit*, 2; *class softball*, 1; *varsity baseball*, 1.

FOOS, EARL — *Newman Club*, 1; *Columbian Literary Society*, 2, *critic*, 1; *Raleigh Club*, 3; *choir*, 1; *Glee Club*, 1; *Monogram Club*, 2; *varsity football*, 3; *Collegian staff*, 1; "*The Pastry Baker*"; *class football*, 1; *class basketball*, 1; *class baseball*, 1; *class softball*, 3; *Dwenger Mission Unit*, 6.

FRANTZ, WILLIAM — *Columbian Literary Society*, 3, *president*, 1; *Raleigh Club*, 3; *band*, 3; *Collegian staff*, 1; *class football*, 2; *Dwenger Mission Unit*, 2.



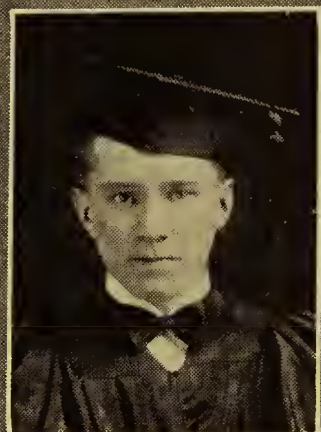




FROELICH, CHARLES — *Newman Club, 1; Columbian Literary Society, 2; Raleigh Club, 3; Monogram Club, 1; varsity baseball, 3; class football, 3; class basketball, 2; Dwenger Mission Unit, 4.*



GAMBLE, ANTHONY — *Newman Club, 1, executive committee, 1; class secretary; Columbian Literary Society, 2, executive committee, 1, secretary, 1; Collegian staff 2.*



GREVENKAMP, JOSEPH — *Newman Club, 1; Columbian Literary Society, 2; Raleigh Club, 3; Collegian staff, 1; Dwenger Mission Unit, 4.*



GROWNEY, THOMAS — *Newman Club, 1; Columbian Literary Society, 2; Raleigh Club, 3; choir, 3; Glee Club, 1; band, 4; orchestra, 4; Vagabonds, 1; Collegian staff, 1; Dwenger Mission Unit, 4.*

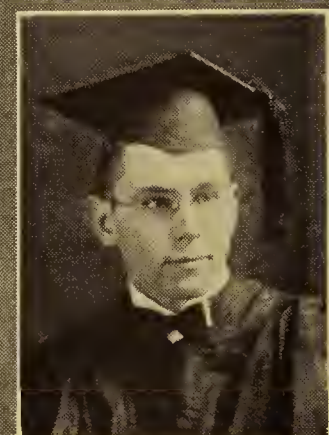
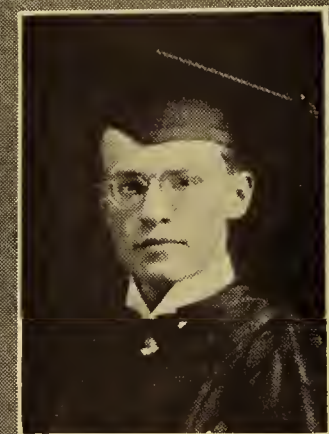
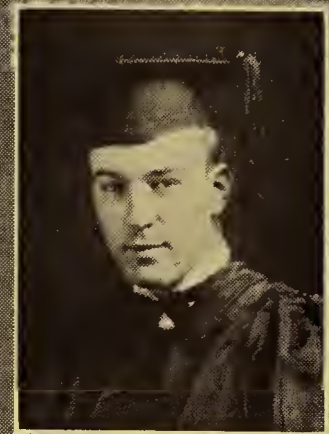


GZYBOWSKI, HENRY — *Newman Club, 1, critic, 1, treasurer, 1; Columbian Literary Society, 2, treasurer, 1; Raleigh Club, 4; Glee Club, 2; Collegian staff, 1; assistant editor; Dwenger Mission Unit, 6, Paladin Leader, marshal, 1.*

HATTON, ROBERT — *Raleigh Club, 2; Columbian Literary Society, 2; varsity football, 2; varsity basketball, 2; varsity baseball, 2; Monogram Club, 2.*

HENRIKSON, LESLIE J. — *Newman Club, 1; Columbian Literary Society, 2; Raleigh Club, 3; Monogram Club, 2; orchestra, 2; Vagabonds, 1; Glee Club, 1; band, 2; varsity football, 2; class basketball, 2; class softball, 1; Dwenger Mission Unit, 4.*

HOEVEL, ROBERT — *Newman Club, 1; Columbian Literary Society, 2; Raleigh Club, 2; choir, 4; Glee Club, 1; varsity baseball, 1; Collegian staff, 1; class football, 3; class basketball, 2; class softball, 1; Dwenger Mission Unit, 6.*



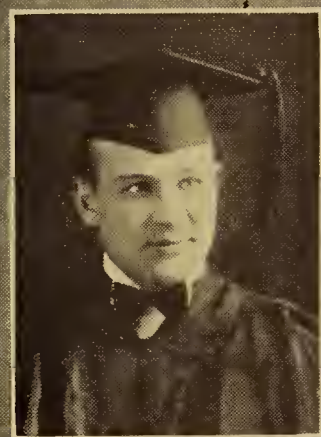




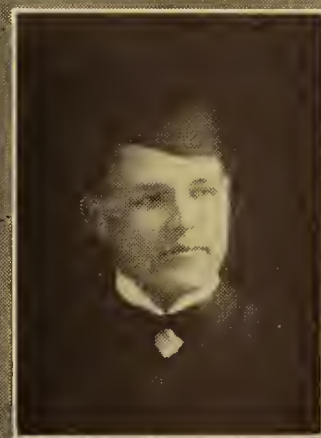
HOORMAN, JOHN — *Newman Club, 1; Columbian Literary Society, 2; Raleigh Club, 1; choir, 4; Collegian staff, 1; class football, 2; Dwenger Mission Unit, 4, secretary, 1.*



HOYING, URBAN — *Newman Club, 1; Columbian Literary Society, 2; Raleigh Club, 3; class baseball, 1; Dwenger Mission Unit, 4.*



KAPLE, ROBERT — *Columbian Literary Society 2, treasurer, 1; Raleigh Club, 2, manager, 1; Dwenger Mission Unit, 2; Collegian staff, 1.*



LENGERICH, AMBROSE — *Newman Club, 1; class football, 2; Columbian Literary Society, 2, executive committee, 1; Dwenger Mission Unit, 4, spiritual treasurer, 1.*

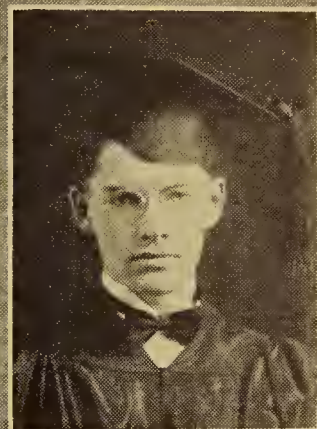
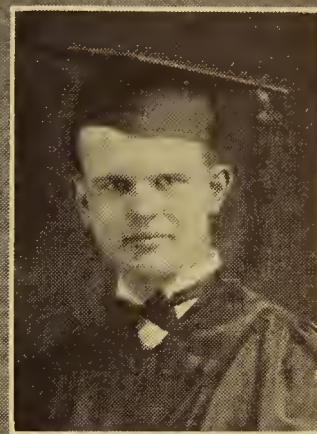


LUX, ROBERT — *Columbian Literary Society, 3; Raleigh Club, 3; Dwenger Mission Unit, 2.*

MCCARTHY, FRANCIS — *Newman Club, 1; Columbian Literary Society, 2, executive committee, 1; Raleigh Club, 2; choir, 3; band, 4; orchestra, 4; Vagabonds; Red Peppers; class football, 2; Dwenger Mission Unit, 4, vice-president, 1.*

MCCARTHY, JOHN — *Raleigh Club, 2; varsity basketball, 2; class football, 2; class softball, 2; Dwenger Mission Unit, 2.*

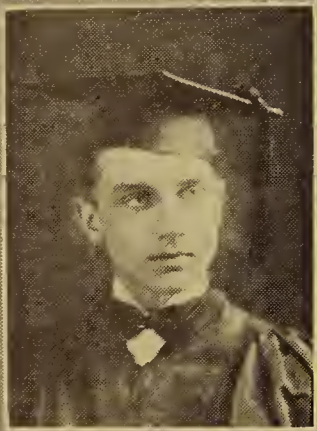
MEIRING, STANLEY — *Newman Club, 1; Columbian Literary Society, 2; Raleigh Club, 2; "Don't Make Me Laugh"; Dwenger Mission Unit, 4.*



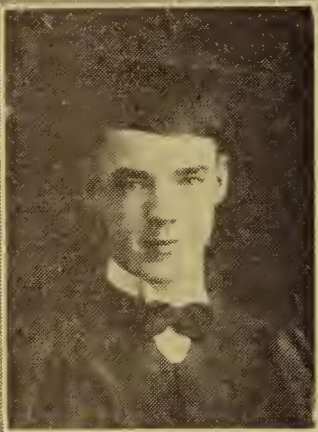




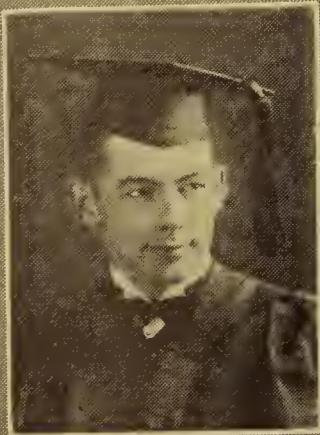
MERTES, LAWRENCE — *Columbian Literary Society, 3, executive committee, 1, treasurer, 1; Raleigh Club, 3; Dwenger Mission Unit, 3; Secretary-treasurer of Senior class.*



MEYER, GERALD — *Newman Club, 1; Columbian Literary Society, 1; Raleigh Club, 3; choir, 2; Glee Club, 1; class football, 1; class basketball, 1; class baseball, 2; class softball, 3; Dwenger Mission Unit, 6, marshal, 1.*



MULDOON, DONALD — *Newman Club, 1, critic, 1, president, 1; Columbian Literary Society, 2, president, 1; Raleigh Club, 3; Collegian staff, 1; class tennis, 6; Dwenger Mission Unit, 6; President of Senior class.*



MURESAN, GEORGE — *Columbian Literary Society, 1; Raleigh Club, 3; orchestra, 5; band, 5; student director, 2; Glee Club, 3; choir, 4; Red Peppers; Vagabond Leader; Collegian staff, 2, Editor-in-chief, 1; class football, 4; class softball, 2; Dwenger Mission Unit, 5.*



O'CONNOR, JAMES — *Newman Club, 1, executive committee, 1; Columbian Literary Society, 2, executive committee, 1; Raleigh Club, 3; choir, 2; Glee Club, 1; orchestra, 4; Collegian staff, 2, business manager, 2; class basketball, 4; class softball, 2; Dwenger Mission Unit, 6.*

ORIS, FABIAN — *Raleigh Club, 2; Collegian staff, 1; Dwenger Mission Unit, 2.*

OTTENWELLER, ALBERT — *Newman Club, 1; Columbian Literary Society, 2; Raleigh Club, 4; choir, 3; Glee Club, 1; Monogram Club, 2; varsity basketball, 2; Collegian staff, 3; class football, 1; class basketball, 3; class softball, 1; class tennis, 6; Dwenger Mission Unit, 6.*

PACHOWIAK, MICHAEL — *Raleigh Club, 2; band, 2; orchestra, 2; Red Peppers; Vagabonds; class softball, 1; Dwenger Mission Unit, 2.*



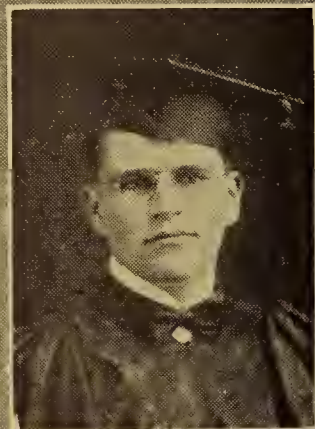




SCHARF, RICHARD F. — *Columbian Literary Society*, 2, critic, 1; *Raleigh Club*, 2; *Monogram Club*, 2; *varsity football*, 2; *varsity basketball*, 2; *varsity baseball*, 2; *Collegian staff*, 1; *Dwenger Mission Unit*, 2; *Catholic Action Leader*, 1; *class marshal*.



SCHROEDER, FRED — *Newman Club*, 1, marshal; *Columbian Literary Society*, 2; *Raleigh Club*, 2, manager, 1; *choir*, 1; *class softball*, 1; *class tennis*, 1; *Dwenger Mission Unit*, 6, marshal, 1.



SHANK, BERNARD — *Newman Club*, 1; *Raleigh Club*, 3; *choir*, 1; *band*, 4; *Collegian staff*, 1; *Dwenger Mission Unit*, 6.



SHANK, VINCENT — *Raleigh Club*, 2; *class football*, 2; *Dwenger Mission Unit*, 2; *class softball*, 2, manager, 1.

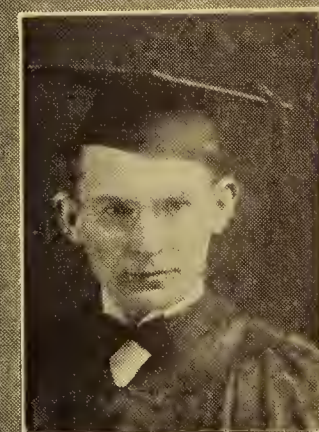
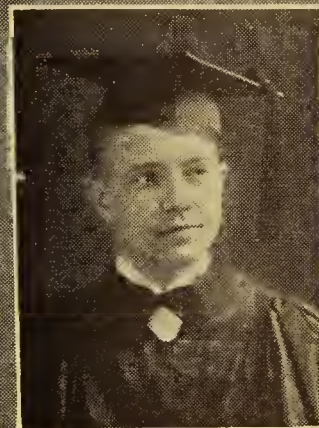


SMOLAR, JOSEPH — *Newman Club, 1; Columbian Literary Society, 2; Raleigh Club, 3; band, 1; Monogram Club, 3, sec'y-treas., 1; varsity football, 3; varsity baseball, 3; "The Pastry Baker"; class football, 1; class basketball, 3; class baseball, 1; Dwenger Mission Unit, 4.*

STACK, WILLIAM — *Newman Club, 1; Columbian Literary Society, 2; band, 3; orchestra, 3; Red Peppers; Vagabonds; Raleigh Club, 2; cheer-leader, 4; class basketball, 4; class football, 4; varsity baseball, 1; class softball, 4; Monogram Club 1; Dwenger Mission Unit, 4.*

STEININGER, FRED — *Newman Club, 1; Columbian Literary Society, 2; Raleigh Club, 4; Glee Club, 1; Monogram Club, 1; varsity football, 3; Collegian staff, 1; "The Pastry Baker"; class basketball, 4; class softball, 3; class tennis, 6; Dwenger Mission Unit, 6.*

TELEGDY, LOUIS — *Columbian Literary Society, 3; Raleigh Club, 3; Glee Club, 1; Dwenger Mission Unit, 3.*



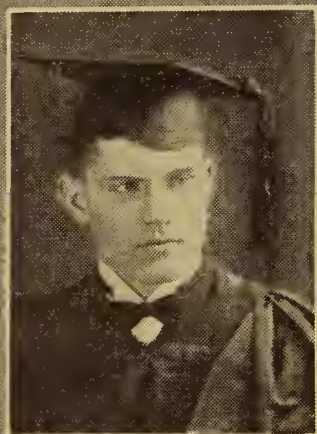




TIETZ, FRED — *Dwenger Mission Unit*, 2.



TRAME, RICHARD — *Columbian Literary Society*, 2; *Raleigh Club*, 2; *Choir*, 2; *Glee Club*, 1; *Collegian staff*, 1; *class football*, 2; *class basketball*, 1; *class tennis*, 2; *Dwenger Mission Unit*, 2.



VAN NEVEL, ALBERT — *Newman Club*, 1, *exec. committee*, 1; *Columbian Literary Society*, 2, *marshal*, 1; *Raleigh Club*, 3; *Glee Club*, 1; *Monogram Club*, 2; *varsity football*, 1; *varsity basketball*, 4; *class softball*, 3, *manager*, 1; *class football manager*, 1; *Dwenger Mission Unit*, 6, *treas.*, 1, *president*, 1; *football manager*, 1; *choir*, 1.



WEAVER, PAUL — *Raleigh Club*, 2; *Columbian Literary Society*, 1; *varsity football*, 2; *varsity baseball*, 2; *Monogram Club*, 2; *Dwenger Mission Unit*, 2.



WESTHOVEN, JOSEPH — *Raleigh Club, 2; Monogram Club, 2; varsity football, 2; Collegian staff, 1; class basketball, 1; Dwenger Mission Unit, 2.*

ZIMMERMAN, EUGENE — *Newman Club, 1; Columbian Literary Society, 2; Raleigh Club, 3; choir, 1; Glee Club, 1; class football, 4; class basketball, 3; class softball, 3; Dwenger Mission Unit, 4, marshal, 1.*

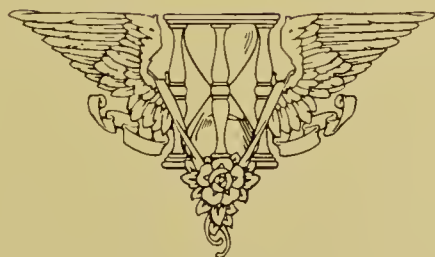
ZUKOWSKI, EDWARD — *Newman Club, 1; Columbian Literary Society, 2; Raleigh Club, 4; choir, 4; band, 4; Orchestra, 4; Red Peppers; Vagabonds; "Don't Make Me Laugh"; class football, 4; class softball, 2; Dwenger Mission Unit, 4.*





Name	Weakness	Famous for	Destination
Anderson, Roman	Fr. Gillis	"All right, fellows"	Opera tenor
Beckman, Robert	Horses	Southern accent	Clothes collector
Bensman, Herbert	Victuals	Avoirdupois	Biologist
Bubala, Edward	A shady spot	Collecting Poetry	Dog catcher
Burns, Alvin	Razors	R. S. C. repair man	Poultry merchant
D'Angelo, Benedict	"The whistler and his dog"	Greek Grades	Gangster
Doody, Timothy	Arms of Morpheus	Butterflies and Scorpions	Professional hitch-hiker
Dreiling, Norbert	Typewriter	Braving the cold winds	New York Yankees
Durocher, Aurele	Locomotives	Gesticulation	Literature Professor
Ferencak, Andrew	Attempting a fast one	Moaning "Dinah"	Stand-in for Mickey Mouse
Foos, Earl	Phone numbers	"The Man With The Hoe"	Wrestler
Frantz, William	Dramatics	Matches	Baritone virtuoso
Froelich, Charles	Baseball	Ping pong	Sports promoter
Gamble, Anthony	Skipping study periods	Typing	Congressional librarian
Grevenkamp, Joseph	Solitaire	Harmonizing	Scout for the Chicago Cubs
Growney, Thomas	(h)oboe	Geographic sketches	Centenarian
Gzybowski, Henry	Globe trotting	Photography	Diplomat
Hatton, Robert	A back door in Remington	Alibis	Orchestra leader
Henrikson, Leslie	Saxaphones	Admiration for third year	Household engineer
Hoevel, Robert	Adapting "Silent Night" to "Anvil Chorus"	Collegian jokes (?)	President of G. E.
Hoorman, John	Nuts	Bull o' the woods	Prefect
Hoying, Urban	Loop holes	"What's trump?"	Sculptor
Kaple, Robert	Carrying books	Chewing tobacco	Brewmaster
Lengerich, Ambrose	Chemistry	Mail man	Professor of science
Lux, Robert	Molly	Lighting Candles	Impersonator
McCarthy, Francis	Puns	Laugh a la horse	Concrete mixer
McCarthy, John	Putting postscripts to signs	Pestiferousness	Stooge to Walter Winchell
Meiring, Stanley	Cruisers	Screaming	Actor
Mertes, Lawrence	Bunco	Ability to collect dues	Father to all
Meyer, Gerald	Easter eggs	Selling candy	Printer of "No Credit" signs
Muldoon, Donald	Westhoven's hat	Clothes	After-dinner speaker
Muresan, George	Collegian	A certain kind of paper	Cartoonist

Name	Weakness	Famous for	Destination
O'Connor, James	Latin and Greek	Oratorical ability	Manager of "Ye Olde Ice Creame Shoppe"
Oris, Fabian	Pachowiak	His drawings	Art editor of the <i>Forum</i>
Ottenweller, Albert	Radio programs	His six feet five	Scenario writer
Pachowiak, Michael	Oris	Expression pieces	Playing a trumpet in White- man's band
Scharf, Richard	Writing letters	His lousy jokes	Hammond
Schroeder, Fred	Raleigh Smoking Club	His red hair	Reading the <i>South Bend Tribune</i> to his children
Shank, Bernard	Reading papers	Walking into classrooms	Mechanic
Shank, Vincent	Table tennis	Bragging about Winamac	Haberdasher
Smolar, Joseph	Sports	Vitality	Ph. D.
Stack, William	Drums	Cheer leader	Greek professor
Steininger, Fred	Ottenweller	Imitating Noah Webster	Sports commentator
Telegdy, Louis	Contradiction	Table talks with Ham	Orator
Tietz, Fred	Keeping a diary	Taking too many subjects	Botany professor at Harvard
Trame, Richard	Reviewing Movies	Florsheim shoes	News reporter
Van Nevel, Albert	Combing his hair	Crashing the gate	Coaching Notre Dame's bas- ketball team
Weaver, Paul	Old Mr. Boston	Getting "those kinds" of let- ters	Playing baseball for the Mud Hens
Westhoven, Joseph	Golf	Examining amoebas	Doctor of Medicine
Zimmerman, Eugene	Quitting Smoking	Studies	Mayor of Gary
Zukowski, Edward	Music	"Gosh! I can't get that ca- denza"	Rubinoﬀ II







## Minutes of the Class of '36

SEPTEMBER 10, 1930. Opening date at St. Joseph's! Thirty-one young men gather, from north and south, from east and west. Wide and narrow, long and short, they all come — thirty-one freshmen, the class of '36!

Not cognizant of what the Three Sisters have in store for them, stuttering, stumbling, blushing, they soon adapt themselves to college environments. Good-naturedly they stand the rebuffs of the upper classmen, until they discover that in unity there is strength. And with unity as their objective they elect Eugene Zimmerman to the chair of president, Martin Greven to the vice-presidency, Timothy Doody as secretary, and Frederic Ernst as treasurer. Under the guiding influence of this first group of officers, the yearlings choose blue and gold for their class colors: blue for constancy and loyalty, and gold for worth. Thus terminates their primary venture into the depths of learning. The task of being freshmen has been well accomplished.

September 9, 1931, finds the same determination among budding sophomores. Immediately they elect Donald Muldoon to guide the reins of union, with Albert Ottenweller and Henry Gzybowski as his aides-de-camp. In the second semester, Gerald E. Meyer takes the gavel, and under his tutorship the sophomore year comes to a close with plans and hopes for the future.

Fate is kind to the class, for in the fall of '32 there are thirty-four newcomers from the Brunnerdale Seminary to be added to the roster. The leadership is again awarded to Gerald Meyer, who is assisted on this occasion by Ambrose Lengerich, Timothy Doody, and Edward Bubala. The juniors now demonstrate their caliber by holding a powerful senior team to a scoreless tie, a contest long to be remembered as one of the most vicious ever staged in intramural football. With the coming of spring, the power of the chair is transferred to James Bruskotter, with Ambrose Lengerich, William Stack, and Henry Gzybowski as acting adjutants. Studies and good, clean, competitive activities fill up the remainder of the session, and another year is done.

Comes the fall of '33, and with it the increased prominence of the class of '36. Now, as rugged veterans of three



campaigns, the warriors of the Blue and Gold begin to display the fruits of their labors. Edward Bubala dons the armor of president. His staff is composed of Albert Ottenweller, John Hoorman, and Henry Gzybowski. Extending their activities into the field of dramatics, the high school seniors utterly astound all contemporary critics and commentators by their superior ability in presenting two remarkable Newman Club plays — "The Silent Shape," and "Three Taps at Twelve." The organization of the popularly known "Vagabonds" is another achievement of note for the class. Under the able direction of George Muresan, genial maestro, these musicians soon toot themselves into the hall of fame. Finally the high school seniors end their last academic year, and find themselves potential collegians.

The advent of the autumnal equinox of '34 sees the return of the old members of the class, forty strong. With them comes a new regiment of warriors, some twenty odd of them. Plunging immediately into the vortex of college life, the class very wisely selects Roman Anderson for president, and Edward Bubala, William Stack, and Henry Gzybowski as his supporters. Again the class orchestra comes into the limelight as old and new collegians strengthen the bond of friendship in an informal banquet. On the gridiron, the Blue and Gold make a very admirable showing, piling up the biggest aggregate of points for the season, and winning all their games except one, which, by the gods, is not meant to be won, although the margin is very close. Then passes the football season, and comes the basketball spirit to take the place of pigskin-time. Again the pennant is lost by a micrometric measurement to a stronger senior team. After the Christmas holidays, the usual semi-annual election results in a new man taking control — Anthony Gamble, with Donald Muldoon, Lawrence Mertes, and Henry Gzybowski as his assistants. Before winter turns to spring, the "Vagabonds" pop up again, presenting a variegated and delightful program for St. Patrick's Day. Richard Scharf and Nicolas Czarnick hold the spotlight.

Now the Fifths go to work on a Junior-Senior Banquet. Lawrence Mertes is elected general Chairman; Donald Muldoon chairman of the entertainment committee; and Henry Gzybowski, head of the decorations and exchequer committees. George Muresan and his "Vagabonds" arrange a deli-







cately selected program of the very choicest musical numbers for the eventful occasion. The result is a total surprise, not only to the seniors, but to the members of the faculty as well. The year is obviously a success as vacation smiles on the new seniors.

One more autumn rolls round, and fifty-three men, with graduation in sight, return to their Alma Mater as Seniors. Having established, through the course of five years, a reputation for doing the usual thing in the unusual way, the class heeds the call of tradition — and starts on the Senior Wiener Roast. Judging from the various costumes worn, one would be inclined to think that a gala masquerade is in progress, rather than an outdoor excursion. After a mad conglomeration of hockey games, tomato fights, informal baptisms in a muddy pool, and countless snapshots taken at random, the gladiators return with "bloody head, but unbowed", to raise their banners to the skies.

Sunday, Oct. 6, 1935, is a memorable occasion. The V. Rev. Rector calls the Senior class together, and soon the rest of the school learns that Donald Muldoon has been elected president of the class, and Lawrence Mertes secretary-treasurer. Events transpire. Football season comes to a close without a defeat — nay, without a point made by the opposition! The score card at the end of the last game, reads: Seniors, 133 points; Opponents, 0. Basketball season seeks to duplicate this, partially succeeding; the score again reads: games won, 7; games lost, 0. Time passes steadily. And then — Senior Night. An original one-act melodrama, "Life Begins at Forty", followed by a striking one-act tragedy, "Steel Nerves." Lastly a silhouette act, a review of old memories; and then — the curtain, while the assembled class sings "The Bells of St. Joseph's". The Senior Class closes its final year in dramatics with the presentation of "The Rosary."

With many enviable accomplishments to their credit, the class of '36 waits amid the rush and fury of pre-graduation days for the time when they, too, may quaff the cup of joy — Graduation. But, as that day comes steadily nearer, they find that there is a tang of sorrow in the nectar. The active and happy friendships that have been formed in the past few years will continue, but never so closely. Every one must go forth individually to fight his own



battles, unaided by the sympathy and advice of his friends. These thoughts fill the minds of all, while the Day of Days relentlessly draws nearer and nearer. The Class of '36 continues to the end, faithful to the high motives and ideals which it has formulated since the first day of its arrival at St. Joseph's, six long years ago. To the College, our Alma Mater, we pledge our undying loyalty. From the depths of our hearts, filled with gratitude, we thank her sincerely for all she has done for us. We thank her because she has fitted us so well for the future battles with a relentless foe; we thank her because she has imbued in us the principles of Catholicism; we thank her because she has sheltered us so tenderly through years of economic instability; lastly, we thank her for the simple pleasures and joys we have experienced throughout all the years we have been here.

To justly give credit where credit is due is, indeed, an impossible task. Suffice it to say, we will never desert the standards which our Alma Mater has erected for us. To the members of the Class of '37 we say: "Give your best, every bit of it, for your old school, fellows!" And to our professors, so wonderfully patient and kind, we say: "Sincere gratitude to you for your appreciative understanding."

As for ourselves, there is only one thing to say: "Respice Finem!" Remember your goal, and so live that every single little moment may be a step toward that goal!





# CLASSES

College  
Freshmen



“We have what it takes to get along” is the boast of these aspirants to Seniordom — and we must admit that their claim is not unfounded. In scholastic, athletic, and social activities they have amply demonstrated their abilities. The energetic leader of these ambitious collegians is Ted Staudt.





High School  
Seniors

"We showed them up in dramatics, and we'll show them up in everything else" say the High School Seniors. And they're right; witness their success as members of the Newman Club. Largely responsible for their enthusiasm is Joseph Scheuer, their president.

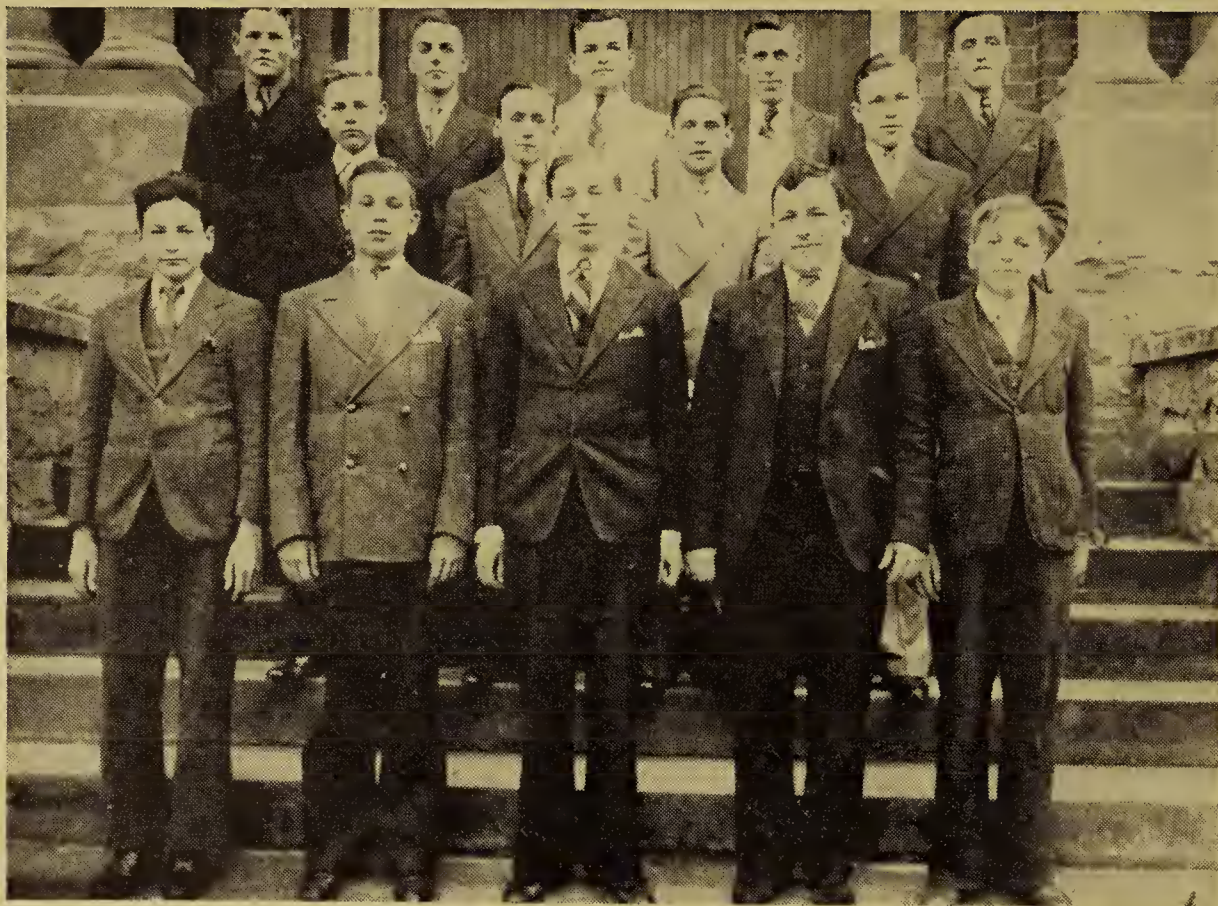


High School  
Juniors

"It isn't every year St. Joe has a group of backers like us" exclaim the members of the third year class. We must acknowledge and commend their school spirit — in the absence of which no college would prosper. Earl Petit is the man who shouldered the responsibility for the Thirds.



## High School Sophomores



"We have class spirit and school spirit; what more do we need?" Small in number but large in talent, this class aptly exemplifies the superiority of quality over quantity. Bob Fordyce is the guiding personality behind this class.

## High School Freshmen



"We have the largest Freshman class in years, and we'll bet it's the best!" A unique set of underclassmen are these, who have gained the attention of all not only by their noisy ways but also by their accomplishments, James McNamara, presiding, may well be proud of his class.



# LITERATURE



## Our Alma Mater

By Earl M. Foos, '36

A Talisman which points the way  
Through fogs and clouds of doubt  
And sagely sifts the grain of thought  
From heaps of chaff  
Which erring minds  
Have boldly used to hide the truth,  
Such is the service  
That our Alma Mater gives  
To us who fondly trust her guiding care.

But days will run their dizzy course;  
And in their round of speedy flight  
They've brought for us  
The milestone, Nineteen Thirty-Six,  
On which is marked the month of June,  
The month which bids us take our leave  
From Alma Mater's halls.  
But our farewell will carry with itself  
The words of wisely formed advice  
Which came to us in days of school  
And now will help us keep that faith  
Together with the truth revered by all  
That learning gives to life a noble flavor  
And comes to man as Heaven's happy favor.

Then as the whirling years  
Will run their rounds on Fortune's wheel  
And quickly number us among the old,  
We may look back with pride  
And see our Alma Mater crowned  
With fairer graces  
Than it was our lot  
To grant to her deserving name.

Such thoughts as these are in our minds  
As on Commencement Day we bid adieu.  
But that farewell is only said in words,  
For in our hearts our school will live  
As Alma Mater from whose guiding hand  
We have received such blessings manifold  
That we have reasons plentiful  
To sing her praise;  
For often did she rise to throw  
Her friendly and her fearless rules  
Between ourselves and threatening foes,  
Such as discouragement and waywardness,  
That make a youth's ambition flag  
And bar him from his chosen prize.

And when at length  
The storms of aging years  
Will blow with chilling winds,  
We shall recall with thrilling joy  
The cheer which in her classic halls obtained  
And find the reason for this happiness  
In knowing that our Alma Mater is a place  
Where man is loved and God is feared.

## An Unpleasant Benefactor

First Prize, Alumni Essay Contest

By Edward Gruber, '37

NEXT in degree of annoyance caused by doorbell-ringing salesmen is the vexation given by the troublesome spider which builds its webs in many corners of homes, thus adding to the unremitting distress of janitors and housewives. No sooner has the springtime housecleaning driven the pesky arachnids from their demolished and dust-laden resorts, than they return to build new ones in the same out-of-the-way places and in the same old way in order, as it seems, to arouse the anger of home cleaners and house managers into heated expression. But human labor and sharp words never discourage the dauntless spider. With renewed agility this tireless insect — if indeed it may be called an insect — proceeds to work at its ingenious trade without regard to inconvenience, appearance, or sanitation. It is not cowed by the housewife's offensive dust rag or by the janitor's disturbing broom.

Housewives and janitors, however, are not the only human enemies of the busy spider. Where their belligerent attitude leaves off, that of the people in general begins. Nearly everybody is averse to the spider. Men and women fear its venomous bite, hate its slovenly appearance, and despise its disgusting filth. With the ugly characteristics of this eight-legged creature impressed on their minds, they hastily pass judgment on the entire spider tribe, though in fact they have encountered but one or the other of this family of spinners. It is easy — always easy — to take the short cut, "ab uno disce omnes," when forming an opinion, and the spider, as far as people are concerned, is usually the victim of this verdict. Unsound as this principle — to take one as an example of all — happens to be, the general public, always a lazy thinker, is often satisfied with its conclusion.

Since the housewife and the janitor ordinarily consider the spider of their experience an unqualified nuisance, other people, taking their cue from them, regard every species of the thread-and-web family with an evil eye. Hence, when they accidentally discover a spider hanging a dust-catching web in the house, they join in chorus to declare every variety of spider filthy and detestable.

But does the wide-awake person find the spider detestable, as he strolls through forest and field on a dewy sum-



mer morning and sees an endless array of diamond-beaded webbing spread out before him? In that display of beauty any observer would likely find reason for applauding the artistic ability of the spider, and if he does not do so in spoken words, he does so at least in the feeling of astonishment which rises within him. If the old mythological story of Arachne's contest with the goddess, Minerva, in a weaving bout had any truth in it — a story which leaves Arachne undone in the contest and declares that the goddess changed her into a spider for punishment — anybody possessing a sense of beauty would be inclined to reserve that decision at the present time and cast a vote in favor of Arachne upon beholding what her numerous progeny can do in decorating a landscape; for, if her degenerate progeny is so adept to make the finest designs ever known to the weaver's art, then, what must Arachne herself have been when seated at the loom? Surely, if the spider is not beautiful in bodily shape, it is at least associated with rare beauty in its ability at spinning.

Surprising indeed is the statement of entomologists that the female spider alone possesses the required skill to weave beautifully. Any perfect web is said to be her work; the poorly constructed webs are the work of the male. He is a bungler at the art of spinning; no perfect web ever comes from his efforts. But it is claimed for the advantage of the male spider that he is neither poisonous in his bite nor annoying to the housewife. If at any time he is found in well-formed webs inside of houses or anywhere else, he has been admitted as a partner by the female. He is in no way responsible for the web or for the nuisance it creates in a home.

Even in that web to which he has been admitted by the female, as students of arachnology maintain, the poor male spider is ill at ease. There are too many skeletons of his gender hanging about on the threads of the web of his female host to permit him to feel thoroughly comfortable. Being much smaller in size than his host, he is also weaker in physical strength than she; and only too often does it happen that he pays dearly for his boldness in seeking feminine company. When he least expects it, a quick stab in the neck delivered by his lady friend turns him into a convenient luncheon for her when the domestic food supply runs low, or even when a spell of moodiness makes her choose to be alone at dinner. Among ugly habits and mean tricks this surely ranks as the worst, yet there is some plausible reason for excuse in the practice. Being far more numerous than the females, the male spiders, while doing nothing in caring for the young, are an economic problem

in relation to the supply of food. When accepting the hospitality of the females, they play the part of guests to perfection. They do not work at repairing the web and live idly on the food which is provided for them. The only way in which they distinguish themselves from drones among bees is that they catch their own food when made to shift for themselves. Under such conditions they hardly justify their existence in great numbers, as their presence, — useless excepting for fathering the families of young spiders, in which case their great number is not necessary — merely increases the difficulty for the female to secure the food required for herself and her young. The generally accepted rule seems to hold among spiders that he who does nothing for others is of little account in the scheme of existence.

If the female spider is inclined to be cruel to her male companion, she is equally inclined to be motherly to her offspring. The most soft and silken part of her web is appointed to be a nursery for them. This nursery, however, is not used very long, for the motherly instinct of the parent spider is so tender that she will not leave her young out of sight. Since she must forage for food, she hustles her creeping brood of youngsters on her back and carries them with her on her ramblings. In this way the young spiders receive the utmost care and incidentally learn the tricks of their future trade by watching their mother at her work of spinning webs and securing food. Surely, if the spider is ungainly in looks and unpleasant in its habits of spinning webs where these prove to be a nuisance to people, it, nevertheless, displays a kindly sentiment towards its helpless young, a sentiment which implies a certain nobility of character.

A being possessing laudable traits must necessarily be a benefactor in one or the other sense to the world outside of its own immediate concerns. But in what particular sense could the spider be a benefactor? As all things in this world are created for a definite purpose, and, upon fulfilling that purpose, must get out of the way, so it is with myriads of insects that are one and all a means to some important end. When they have served their purpose and have become useless, they quickly become obnoxious. To assist in removing these little pests is the chief work of the spider. Hence the farmer, the gardener, the orchardist, and even the housewife receive abundant help from a creature which they ordinarily despise and regard as useless. It is their own good fortune that people cannot do away with the spider, for in thinking that they are doing themselves a service by getting rid of cobwebs, they are only destroying one of their many and real benefactors.



If the spider is annoying at times by its outrageously bad manners, the thought should be borne in mind that this hanger of filthy webs is in many ways a genuine help to mankind. No unalloyed good comes to man in this world; the bitter must always be taken with the sweet. If the spider occasionally causes vexation and chagrin, it also brings advantages that are not to be overlooked. An old saying is worth remembering in this connection: "He who does good to others should not miss recognition as a benefactor."

The story is told of a man who felt particularly irked at seeing a spiderweb billow across the upper pane of a window in the room where he was entertaining guests. Certainly, his guests could not fail to see the sign of dirt, as he thought, and consequently would consider him to be slovenly and untidy. Hence, when his company had left, he hurried for a stepladder, placed it in position and wrathfully climbed within reach of the web intending to do away with the offending piece of spider artistry. But how surprised was he when he beheld a multitude of mosquitoes, flies, and other noisomely biting and stinging insects securely entrapped in the many strands of the web. After all, the spider may be a friend, so he thought, and, with this idea in mind, decided to leave the web intact for further study and observation. In due time the study of the habits of the spider so deeply engrossed his attention that he soon became known as a famous arachnologist, whose name, Doctor Thomas Thorell, heads a lengthy treatise which in later years did much to popularize knowledge of the ways, manners, and purposes of spiders. It was he in particular who first proved that the spider is a friend of man, and that the little creature is in reality a benefactor worthy of man's regard and not of his hatred.

But in spite of being a benefactor to man, the spider must be kept in its place, and that place certainly cannot be the parlors, the living rooms, and the kitchens of homes. Fields, orchards, and gardens will offer all the facilities the spider could want for disporting itself, and in those places it can give the benefit of its service without the annoyance of untidiness and filth. But it is necessary for man to put up with the disagreeable as well as with the agreeable in this life, and if at times he will find the spider to be a sore annoyance, he should keep in mind that it also gives help in certain ways which deserves to be appreciated. To be thankful for benefits and to tolerate accompanying annoyances should be the attitude of people towards all things in this world, and numbered among these things is the unpleasant benefactor, the spider.

# The Resurrection

A. M. U. Prize Story

By James Hinton, '38

"Who rides so late through a night so wild?

It is the father holding his child."

The Erl Koenig (Goethe)

COLD, wild, brutal was the night; its howling wind was laden with sleet. Through the darkness a rider holding a child urged his weary steed. The burly horseman did not clasp the little one with the paternal feelings of Goethe's immortal "Vater"; rather he clutched it with the cruelty of the kidnaper.

Out of the wailing darkness broke a sentry's unexpected challenge. Dimitri, the rider, drew his pistol, then growled, "A friend seeking shelter."

Rigidly Dimitri awaited the next move. But could it be that he, Dimitri, was waiting? Men usually waited for him, not he for them. How the peasants became craven with fear, and the women and children mere bleating sheep when even his name, linked with that of the "Scourge of the Urals," Ivannoff, was mentioned! Now he stood at bay on the command of an ordinary sentry, he, the lieutenant of the most ruthless of the bandit chieftains in all the Russias. For brutal daring Dimitri's notoriety was not less than that of Ivanoff himself. Together they had often raided the helpless villages and towns on the steppes at the foot of the Urals.

As Dimitri growled in response to the sentry's command, two soldiers appeared on the scene as suddenly and quietly as if they had popped out of the earth. By the light of a lantern which they carried, they saw the outlaw quickly reholstering his weapon. Upon being ordered to dismount, he nimbly obeyed. As he stood in the gleam of the lantern, the soldiers gazed at him long and sharply. One of them presently whispered something to the sentry. A curt command snapped out, and immediately strong hands deftly bound the outlaw. For once in his infamous career, Dimitri made no attempt to resist or in any way to uphold his ignoble reputation. His crude curses were swallowed up in the madness of the storm as his captors led him bound into the fortress of Iskor.

That his latest expedition into the realms of iniquity would end in imprisonment and in possible torture had not occurred to Dimitri as he and his followers raided a little Catholic settlement called Zukloff. This raid had



yielded much booty, and bagged with it was a rare prize, the five-year-old son of Prince Valdimir, who, with his family, was spending the last days of Holy Week and Easter Sunday in the little town. When Dimitri and his gang were a few miles out of town with their booty and prize, they found themselves pursued. Hurriedly they separated and singly sought to elude capture. Above all they would not lose their prize, the little son of Prince Valdimir, for whom they could demand a magnificent ransom. Hence, Dimitri took charge of the child. But the blackness of the night and the raging storm caused him to stumble blindly upon an old military base. Because his horse was winded and because he did not wish to scare the child, he refrained from shooting the guard who had commanded him to halt.

Now a prisoner, Dimitri, together with the kidnaped child, was led by the soldiers before a military commander for examination. Skillfully he parried the questions of the officer, yet he did not succeed, in spite of his native cleverness, to give himself a record clean of all suspicion. The presence of the child caused him great difficulty. He tried to explain that the little fellow was his son, but the child's clothing made the officer doubt the truth of this statement. For the present, further questioning being postponed, Dimitri and his supposed son were confined in a dungeon. This imprisonment was made particularly disagreeable for the outlaw, who, with his legs hobbled, had to lie flat on his back. The boy was left free to walk about and, by the aid of candlelight, to explore the bleak prison cell. Having turned his attention to his captor, who was quietly wondering how he might slip off his bonds, the youth realized that all was not quite well and comfortable in that dungeon.

"Does something hurt you?" he artlessly asked the bandit.

"Shut up, you little rat," came the rough answer. "If you are worth anything, then get these chains from my legs." A burst of his usual brutality edged the bandit's voice.

The innocent lad, approaching dubiously, was bewildered at the gruff note in his captor's words. He fumbled at the chains and continued prattling:

"You can't go to church like that on Easter, can you? Father Ramon said everybody must come to church on Easter to see Jesus come to life again. He said that little boys and girls come to life too when they come to Jesus on Easter. Won't you come to Jesus on Easter — tomorrow?"

At the words of the child, Dimitri became so infuriated that he could only gasp as he chafed under the chains that bound him. In bitter words he shouted, "You little idiot! If I ever get loose from my chains, I'll carve out your plaguey tongue and fry it for you." He was in no mood to listen to any one, and here was that baby blabbering and spouting forth ideas which he had renounced years ago. Listening to what he regarded as unsavory talk and chagrined at his predicament, he raged like a trapped animal.

The youngster, however, prattled on, altogether unaware of the seething volcano that was at the point of eruption in the breast of the criminal. Again the little fellow queried, "Do you think that the Easter rabbit will come to see us here? I like Easter eggs; don't you like them?"

So great became Dimitri's anger at this continuous babbling that he could control himself no longer. He felt for a small dirk which had been so carefully concealed in his clothing that even the soldiers had overlooked it. Having drawn it forth, he eyed it for a moment, then hurled it with devilish aim. Cruelly it darted into the heart of the boy. "That will keep you quiet," snarled Dimitri in fiendish rage. At the blow from the dirk, the child dropped dead. In order to satisfy his savage desire to see blood flow, the wretched bandit wriggled over to the little prostrate form and drew the dirk from the wound. The blood streamed forth freely and began to seep across the cold stone floor. Suddenly the scarlet stream began to form itself into letters. Curious, the desperado rolled over to the spot that he might inspect the phenomenon. What he saw made him stare in wild surprise. Chiseled into the stone floor were the letters and figures — April 9, 1910. Having filled the grooves the blood congealed and made the scarlet lettering stand out in a reproaching glare that suggested crime. With his eyes glued to the spot, Dimitri reflected on his foul deed. Gradually remorse began to rankle in his bosom. Surely, he thought, man cannot be made for murder and bloodshed.

While feelings of sorrow and regret were rising in him, a thought which brought tears to his eyes flashed into his mind. It suddenly dawned upon him that those scarlet letters on the stone floor recorded a history intimately associated with his criminal career. He himself had carved those letters in those stones twenty years before, when, as he now recalled, he had been confined in this same prison. After all these years he had returned to



color them with the blood of an innocent child — a child which he had stolen and would have held as a prize for a kidnaper's ransom. His first imprisonment in this same dungeon was in punishment for taking the life of his mother who had persistently importuned and begged him to quit his career as a bandit and to take up an honorable way of living. In a fit of anger he had at the time killed his mother, and now he had returned to awaken that sad memory by killing a helpless child. The more he gazed at those scarlet letters and at the little lifeless body before him, the more keen and piercing grew his remorse. Finally he flung himself weeping on the body of the child. A transformation was taking place within him. The memory of his long years spent in sin and crime overwhelmed him with grief. Tenderly he kissed the boy's forehead while muttering sadly:

"I'm sorry, little fellow! Won't you forgive me? Please, little angel, tell God I'm sorry for my past crimes, and that I want to come back to life again and be with Him on this Easter morning, if He will let me. Goodbye for a little while now, dear little brother. I hear the soldiers coming for me."

Dimitri knew his fate. He knew furthermore that he would likely not be called again for questioning. Beyond a doubt, the military officers had decided that he was a bandit, and the punishment for bandits was speedy execution. Even if his judges might have reached a decision in his favor, it would all be to no avail now that he had murdered the child. In the dim, flickering candlelight of the dungeon, he glanced once more intently at the features of the dead child, then recommending himself to God's mercy, he awaited his doom. He had not long to wait.

The soldiers entered, and seeing the crime which Dimitri had committed were much enraged. They wasted no more time on him, but hurriedly striking the chains from his legs, they hustled him with kicks and blows out into the open. Dimitri begged to say a word about the child. For a moment the soldiers listened. He told them of the kidnaping and about the father of the child. His explanation only increased their fury. At a hundred yards from the prison he was made to stand in a lonely spot, blindfolded. "I'll be with you in a minute, little brother," he shouted, "God pardon me!" The echo of his words mingled with the crack of the rifles. Silence! Dimitri's soul winged its way to join the little angel who was the cause of his conversion, and who had preceded him to point out the straight and narrow way to a possibly happy eternity.

# ORGANIZATIONS



Columbian  
Literary  
Society



Organized to give the College men an opportunity for advancement in oratory and dramatics. Rev. Eugene Luckey, the Moderator, has done much to further the society's ideals. All praise to the two semestrial presidents, Donald Muldoon and William Frantz, who have very decidedly fostered the true Columbian spirit.

Newman  
Club



Collegeville's apprentice Thespians. Laurels to them for their outstanding work in "The People's Money" and "His Father's Son". Credit is due also to Joseph Scheuer and Julius Thurin, semestrial presidents, and to their Moderator, Fr. Luckey. Good work, Newmans!





Dwenger  
Mission  
Unit

Organized to give the College men an opportunity for Home and Foreign Missions. A member of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. The Moderator, Rev. Cyrille Knue, with the aid of the president, Albert Van Nevel, has turned this year into one of the most successful in the history of the organization.



Monogram  
Club

"To the victor belong the spoils." The club rooms are decorated with trophies. Here the letter man may come to relax and enjoy himself quietly. Two successful raffles and a card party were given by this ambitious group. Norbert Dreiling takes the bows as President, with Coach De Cook acting as general supervisor.



## Glee Club



A group of singing men are these, welcoming every opportunity to blossom forth into song. Their appearance is always welcome, and the melody and harmony of their voices have added to the enjoyment of many an evening's entertainment. Prof. Tonner has made this organization a real contribution toward cultured advancement at St. Joseph's.

## Collegian Staff



On the able shoulders of these men rests the responsibility of editing the College's monthly magazine. Under the supervision of the editors, George Muresan and Henry Gzybowski, the **Collegian** has won favorable criticism from competent sources.





College  
Orchestra

The finesse and eloquence of music are clearly demonstrated by the College Orchestra. Deeply impressive have been the charm and beauty of their interpretation of the most difficult classical selections. This year's orchestra has indeed proved to be another feather in the much-plumed hat of Prof. Tonner.



College  
Band

At outdoor concerts, at basketball and football games, and at literary programs, the stirring strains of the band have instilled in the students the spirit proper for the occasion. Many a game has the band pulled out of the fire with its indefatigable blaring of trumpets and crashing of cymbals.

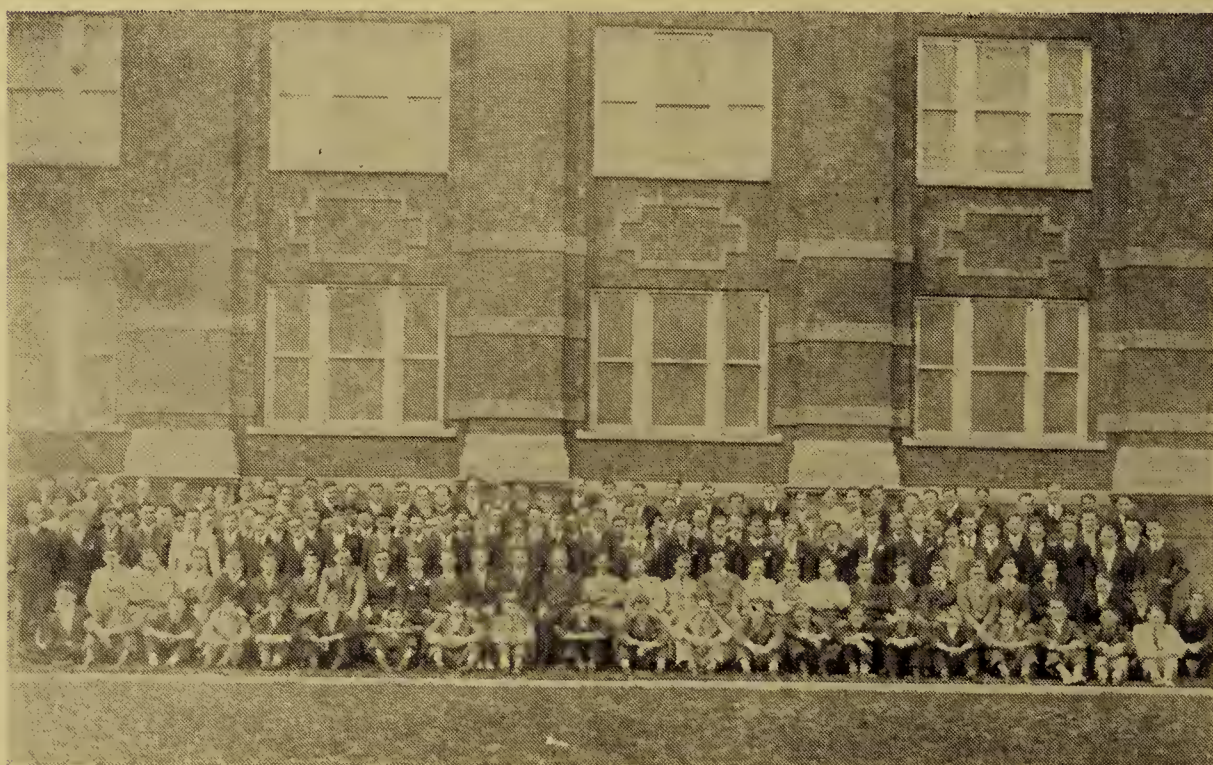


## Choir



"A song will outlive all sermons in the memory," applies to the choir under the direction of Fr. Diller. This year's choir has been acclaimed one of the best ever assembled at St. Joseph's. It was especially outstanding on the occasions of Holy Week, Easter Sunday, and Fr. Scheidler's Jubilee.

## Raleigh Smoking Club



One of Collegeville's greatest and most popular organizations. Every year sees new improvements, all for the comfort of the members. Serving his first year as Moderator, Rev. F. Fehrenbacher has won the esteem of all by his zealous interest in both club activities and club members.



The  
“Vagabonds”



The pleasure derived from the sporadic, informal programs of the Raleigh Club is largely due to the playing of “Bugs” Muresan’s “Vagabonds.” Their rendition of popular and semi-classical music has exceptional appeal which seems to have reached the ears even of outsiders.

“Chef  
D’Œuvre”  
Staff



An ambitious group is this staff. All former students of Father Maurice Ehleringer, these ambitious young men monthly edit a delectable series of articles in French.





# HAPPY HAPPENINGS



Artist's Sketch of New Addition to the Gymnasium





ON an emerald terrace surrounded by moss-banked lakes and fertile lands, the first building of St. Joseph's College was erected. In the short span of forty-five years our college has expanded into a little world of its own, a haven of companionship and learning. As those short years lengthened from out the misty past, they created a history that is the pride of all who have ever lived within the walls of St. Joseph's

With this history as an inspiration, a loyal son years ago composed the beautiful "Hymn to St. Joseph's". To the thrilling strains of the chorus, hundreds have sung with vibrant hearts this toast to a beloved Alma Mater:

*Live, thou fairest Alma Mater,  
Grow, thou dearest Alma Mater,  
Bloom, thou gloriest Alma Mater,  
Today and evermore.*

We, the class of '36, have passed through those years with our Alma Mater which witnessed the fall of prosperity, the depression. Pride pervaded our very beings as our sheltering mother passed confidently through the adversities which beset her on all sides, but which left untarnished her seal of *Religio, Moralitas, et Scientia*. *Live, thou fairest Alma Mater.*

We have watched her grow and have grown with her. The yesterday of our undergraduate years saw St. Joseph's as a flourishing and outstanding junior college of the Middle West. Today we see her expanding. The tomorrow of our post-graduate years will unveil for us a senior Catholic college, a beacon for Catholic youth who will live — and learn — 'neath the "Shadow of the Towers." *Grow, thou dearest Alma Mater.*

Now we are about to bid farewell. Some of us have been fostered by your loving care for six years; some, a few years less. But no matter how many the years have been, we all feel the same pangs of parting. Our Senior year has clearly revealed to us all that we have learned to hold dear and sacred, and we shall never forget. You have



prepared us to meet the world. Mindful of your admonitions we hold no fears for the coming trials. We are grateful to you for your tender care and devotion; we in turn pledge you our undying loyalty. Now, on the threshold of parting, we pause to salute you for the last time: *Bloom, thou gloriest Alma Mater, today and evermore.*



### September 9 — Registration Day

The birth of a new year — return of the old and entrance of the new students — happy hearts reunited — new hands to shake and friends to make — “Gee, the old school looks great” — newcomers sense their warm welcome — plenty of hustle and bustle — Rector’s office swarming like a hive — happy greetings of old students — “What did you do all summer?” — Rensselaer as active as the campus — baggage everywhere — St. Joe fellows everywhere — Ah! a grand reunion —

### September 10 — The Awakening

“No, Freshmen, there’s no fire — that’s just the ‘cow-bell’ ringing” — a last minute wink — splashing of water in the washrooms — morning Mass — breakfast — the school year is officially organized — profs meet students — students meet profs — play ball —

### September 22 — Senior Outing

Dignity, begone! — we’re kids again — ye old gravel pit — here we come — nature, you’re marvelous — what a day — what a place — what a gang — what a time — an impromptu dip in the water — eats galore — this is the life! — pictures taken — the day will live on — the return of the fifty-one — beat of the tin can drums — powerful voices rending the air — the “flight song” — salute to the class banner — hoisted high above the campus — floating







proudly in the reverent breeze — a challenge to the world — none dares molest its haughty furls — the final salute — a perfect day is through —

#### October 19 — Students Revisit Danville

Carloads of enthusiastic students — real Cardinal backers — ready to wreak vengeance — ideal football weather — Home-Coming Day for Normal — St. Joe students out-pep Normal's Alumni — thrilled by the Card's five-minute drive — to a touchdown! — proud of their valiant defence — an enjoyable day in Danville — the trip home — wayside stops — home again — tired but contented —

#### October 24 — Father Scheidler's Silver Jubilee

Two days of merry celebrating — parents — friends — alumni — students — all join in offering tribute — banquet — loads of telegrams — cards — letters — gifts — Anniversary Mass — thanksgiving to the King — Ad Multos Annos —

#### November 15 — Fifth Year Party

R.S.C. smoker festively decorated — College Freshmen tie the bonds of class loyalty — a gay "get-together" — exhibition of hidden talent in informal "floor show" — victuals — crazy games — jokes — lively conversations — a good time for all — to bed —

#### November 20 - 23 — Annual Retreat

Spiritual peace — boys enwrapped in meditation — rosaries slip through fingers — lips silently whisper sincere prayers — eager ears listen to eloquent sermons — resolutions for the future — Solemn High Mass — Papal Blessing — close of the retreat —

#### December 2 — New Building Begun

First spade routs sod — power shovel arrives — workmen swarm over excavation site — foundation poured — work discontinued till spring —



December 21 — Christmas Vacation Begins

Packing of baggage — classes and studies forgotten — “don’t do anything I wouldn’t do” — “Home, sweet home.”

January 7 — Christmas Vacation Ends

The dissipators return — “boy, did I have a swell time” — classes tomorrow — is it possible? —

January 8 — Football Banquet

Regal repast in honor of '35 Cardinal Gridders — trained appetites well appeased — gala affair — soothing smokes — words of praise and optimism — awarding of monograms — sincere comments by senior recipients — dramatic close — and then to town — a well spent evening — homeward hike — Bonne Chance, squad of '36! —

February 2 — Forty Hours Devotion

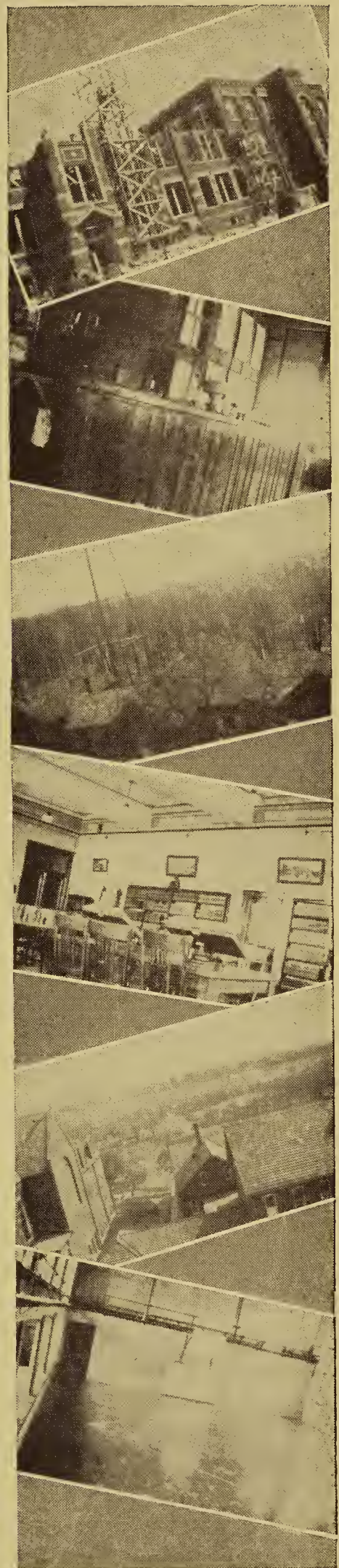
Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament — snow-white altars — silent reverence to the Eucharistic King — perpetual adoration — watch kept by the students — chapel permeated with heaven-like atmosphere — Solemn High Mass — the close —

March 10 — Respice Finem

Graduation Day announces its approach — invitation cards ordered — infinite details discussed — selection of class motto — seniors seriously convene — “Respice Finem” look to the end — Forward, Seniors! — never lose sight of your goal —

March 22 — Basketball Banquet

“Banquet Hall” scene of another merry festivity — courses of elaborate dishes — well-chosen words by guest speakers — words of appreciation by the V. Rev. Rector — awarding the Cardinal and Purple “J” — eight recipients — comments from graduating members — to town — guests at the Ritz Theater — end of a memorable evening —







#### April 26 — D.M.U. Festival

Grand climax to the Unit's yearly mission work — a great bazaar — rotating wheels humming — crowds clamoring — gay streamers waving — numberless booths and games — a kaleidoscope of color — and sound — a big raffle — grand prize — a beautiful radio — seventy other big prizes — midnight comes — finds the "wrecking crew" — cleaning up —

#### May 3 - 4 — Alumni Days

Sunday afternoon — grand home-coming — hunting up old pals — seeing old places — telling old tales — hearty supper — unconfined conversations — an opera in the evening — gay, tuneful, thrilling, joyous, hilarious — renewing of old friendships — later, the old good-natured-grudge baseball game — Alumni vs. Cardinal Varsity — traditional rivalry — hits — errors — strikeouts — arguments — bronx cheers — spectacular finish — noon ushers in the annual Alumni Banquet — informal speeches — well accepted jokes — election of officers — grand finale — "Good-bye, Alumni" — "Good-bye, St. Joe — see you next year" —

#### May 9 — Senior Night

The night of nights for the Seniors — to a crowded auditorium the Seniors present a colossal, stupendous show — the hit of the season — variety in every act — originality personified — latest hits from Broadway — all talent presented — house roars with acclamation — shakes with applause — curtain falls — Seniors gather for their party — laughter and buoyant spirits — It's Senior Night — a night that will live on — and on —

#### May 16 — Junior-Senior Banquet

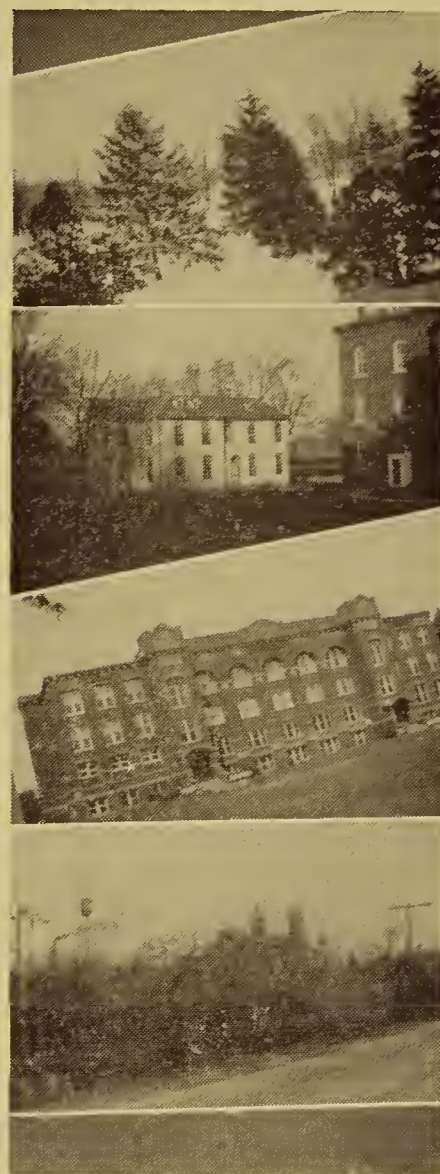
Most dramatic night of the year — good will — Juniors dedicate this night to parting Seniors — a spacious Banquet Hall — streamers — blue and gold of the Seniors — scarlet and gold of the Juniors — no more rivalry be-



tween the two classes — historic on the field of sports — keen excitement — tables bear results of well planned menu — entertainment de luxe — speeches long to be remembered — music — Senior Class Will — the Prophecy — fun galore — “Thanks, Juniors!” our parting wish is — “Keep our Alma Mater on top!” —

### June 9 — Commencement Day

The great day at last — dignified Seniors strolling about — proud parents — happy sisters and brothers — congratulations — “No more Greek” — crowd moves to the auditorium — curtain rises — fifty-one Seniors seated gravely — a wistful smile on their faces — “Magna Cum Laude” — the diplomas — speeches — by the Rector — by His Excellency — by the class president — a last, lingering farewell —





# ATHLETICS



Rev. Theodore Koenn, C. PP. S., M.A.  
*Director of Athletics*



# F O O T B A L L



Varsity Football Team



The cold facts produced by statistics do not express the vital factors existing in the field of football. St. Joe's record of four losses and only one win does not tell a true story of the human drama that packed the sixty vicious minutes of each football contest. The records do not tell of the tremendous courage that every game dragged from the dogged Cards. They do not show that St. Joe, a mere Junior College, faced overwhelming odds in daring to play against four year institutions.

Although football for 1935 has given St. Joe a hard left hook to the jaw, every opposing team was a little wary when they had the Cards stacked against them. The strength of the Cardinal attack was seared into the minds of the Manchester Spartans when they became overconfident. In this contest the St. Joe eleven hewed its own modest niche in the hall of fame by fighting brilliantly but hopelessly through a first half with a courage unparalleled in St. Joe annals. Then again when their plays sparkled with precision and their hearts with courage the "Saints" waded through the Rose Poly game to emerge with a 24 - 6 victory. This thrust proved that the Cards were a powerful eleven throughout the 1935 season, but that they didn't reach top form until it was too late.



Joe Smolar — quarterback — crafty as Machiavelli — potent force in anybody's backfield.

Fred Steininger — halfback — tackles viciously — blocks as effectively as a mule kicks — he's tough.

Dick Scharf — halfback — slight in physique; not in aggressiveness — high twisting punts his specialty.

Bob Hatton — fullback — huge — unorthodox, but effective — carries heavy part of Cardinal burden.

Paul Weaver — end — knocks over interference like bowling pins — he's happiest with someone's elbow in his stomach.

Fred Jones — tackle — gorilla-like — a rough diamond in the Cardinal setting.

Ossie Foos — guard — stubby — dynamic influence — he's good, and we know it.

Rosie Glorioso — center — aggressive — diminutive size is deceiving.

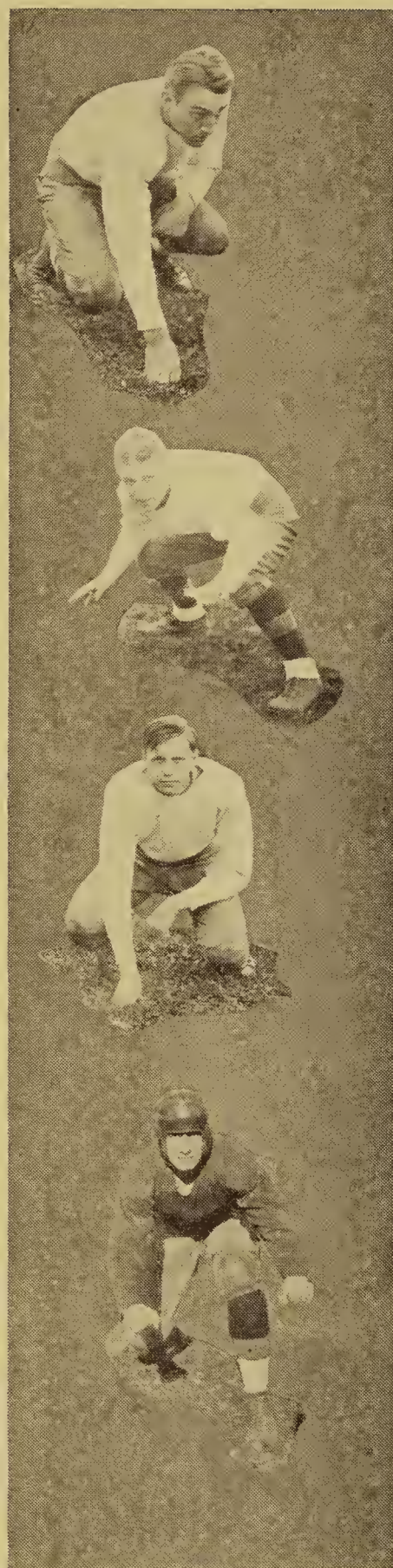
Nub Dreiling — guard — husky — they drive trucks through the holes he makes.

Barney Badke — tackle — lumbering — legs packed with drive — gives lessons in football.

Bill O'Keefe — end — smile is dynamite — loves to win, but can take a beating gracefully.

Swede Johnson — halfback — shifty — moves like a fast-stepping thoroughbred.

Kush Kosalko — tackle — big — powerful — tames the most relentless opponent.



FOOTBALL SCHEDULE  
1936- 1937

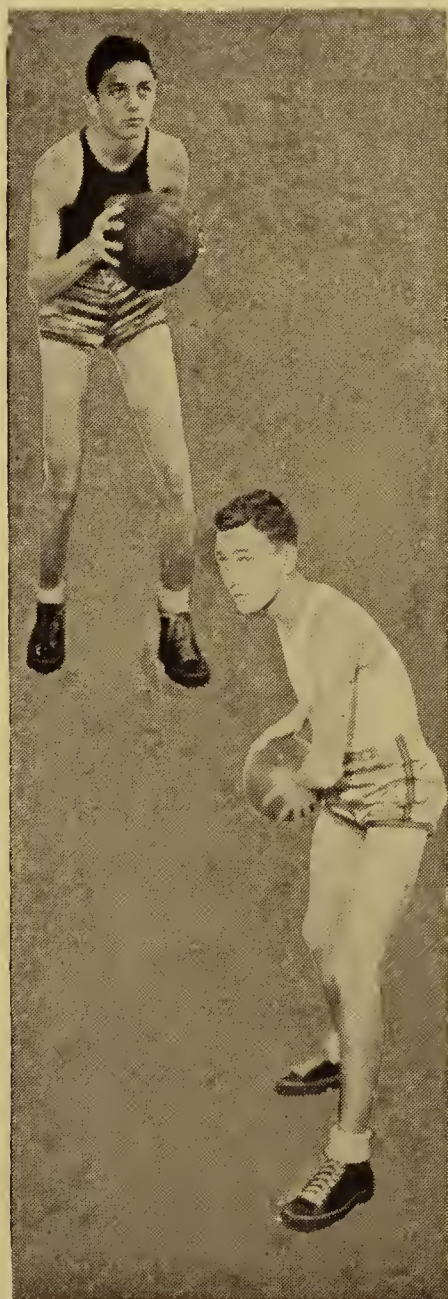
St. Joseph's	Sept. 26	Valparaiso	T
St. Joseph's	Oct. 3	Manchester	T
St. Joseph's	Oct. 10	Rose Poly	H
St. Joseph's	Oct. 17	Oakland City	T
St. Joseph's	Oct. 24	Open	
St. Joseph's	Oct. 31	Central Normal	H



# B A S K E T B A L L



Varsity Basketball Team



The 1935 - 36 basketball schedule was the toughest card ever arranged for any Cardinal team in the history of the school. Faced against such teams as Central Normal, Valparaiso, Manchester, and Notre Dame — senior colleges having enrollments two to ten times the size of St. Joseph's — the fighting Cards made the best of their opportunities and won five classic victories out of eighteen fiercely-contested encounters.

The string of victories would have been much longer had not Dame Fortune, fickle as ever, frowned so often upon St. Joe's early season contests. In their opening game the Cardinals lost to Anderson College by a score of 25 - 23 in the last minute of play. In many of the following contests fate continued to deal the Cards various noxious blows. The squad, however, not to be conquered entirely, came back stronger after each defeat, and toward the end of the season, won some brilliant victories that will not be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to witness them.

St. Joe fans will especially remember the history-making thriller in which the Cardinal quintet, working as perfectly as a fine watch, dropped in basket after basket to defeat a powerful and classy Notre Dame B team by a score of 30 - 23. Other outstanding victories of sparkling performance were against Manchester, Huntington, and Kokomo.



### Hardwood Highlights

"Dick" Scharf — sharpshooting, speedy forward — most consistent and highest scorer of the season — chalked up a total of 136 points — 51 field goals — 31 foul shots.

"Al" Van Nevel — dependable guard — excellent defensive man — indomitable fighting spirit — good floorwork — his loss by graduation will be greatly felt.

"Torchy" Ottenweller — long-limbed, six-foot-four center — key man of the late season victories — held his own against the best — another loss when he graduates.

"Barney" Badke — product of St. Rita — lithe Titan guard — nonchalant warrior — second highest scorer of the season — tallied 118 points.

"Bob" Hatton — gunning and aggressive forward — transplanted six-foot-four center — has a knack for getting the ball off the backboard.

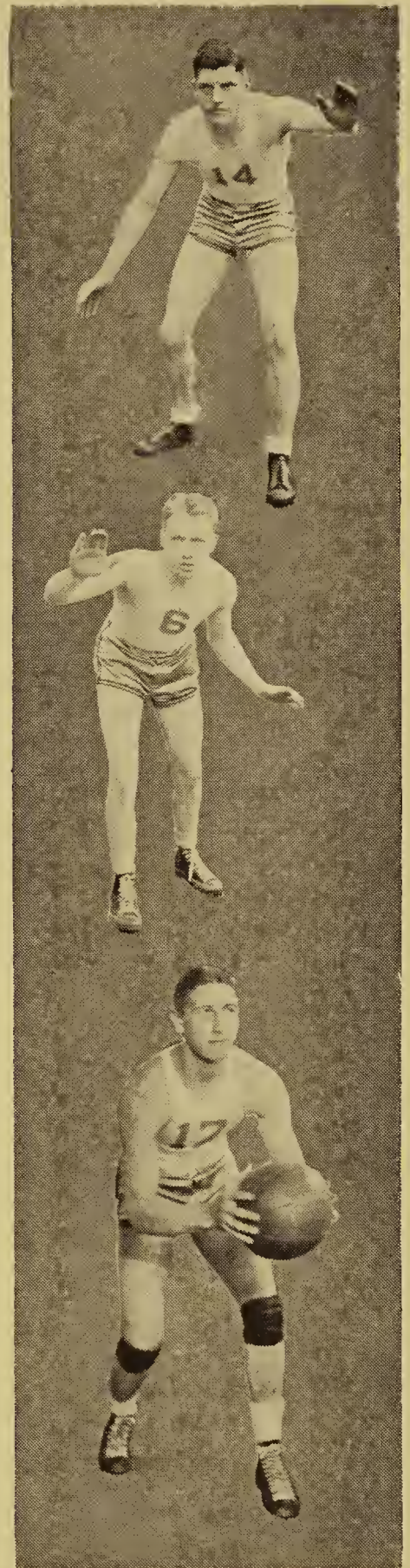
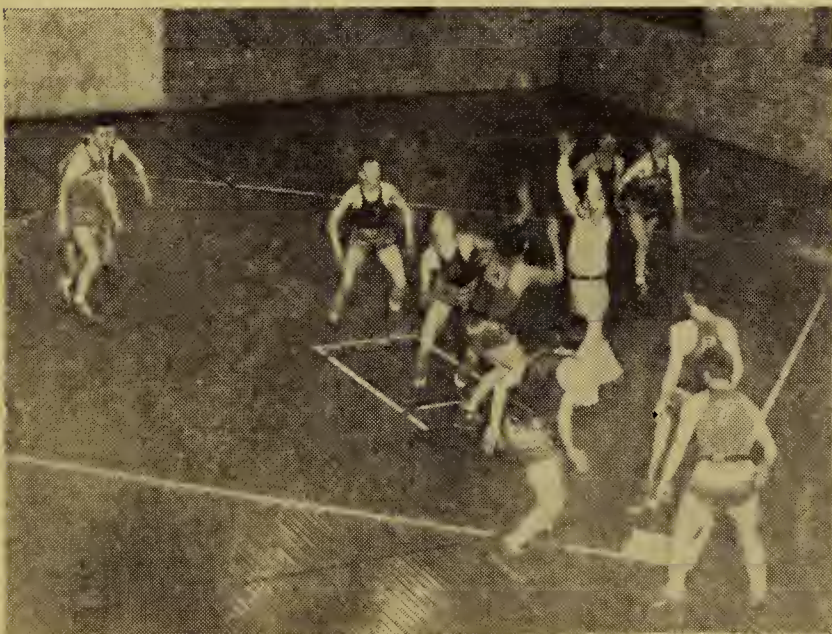
"Max" Mc Carthy — diminutive forward — little bag of dynamite — expert of tricky ball handling and floorwork — bug in the hair of all his opponents.

"Jake" Moran — potent reserve forward — always ready with a much needed field goal — trick shot artist de luxe.

### BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

1936 - 1937

St. Joseph's	Dec. 9	Huntington	H
St. Joseph's	Dec. 19	Rose Poly	H
St. Joseph's	Jan. 21	Central Normal	H
St. Joseph's	Feb. 10	Manchester	H
St. Joseph's	Feb. 13	Valparaiso	H
St. Joseph's	Feb. 20	Joliet	H
St. Joseph's	March 3	Taylor	H



St. Joseph's	Dec. 1	Taylor	T
St. Joseph's	Dec. 5	Central Normal	T
St. Joseph's	Dec. 12	Valparaiso	T
St. Joseph's	Jan. 16	Joliet	T
St. Joseph's	Jan. 26	Manchester	T
St. Joseph's	Feb. 6	Huntington	T
St. Joseph's	Feb. 17	Rose Poly	T
St. Joseph's	Feb. 27	Concordia	T



# B A S E B A L L



Varsity Baseball Team



Thrilled and inspired by the brilliance of last year's impressive string of baseball victories St. Joe has become baseball conscious. Because former teams have been of choice stock, the students desire that every Cardinal baseball team be fit to represent St. Joe on the diamond.

Even though Coach Ray DeCook has lost the major part of his last year's nine by the graduation route he is gradually meeting the demand of the students by placing on the field an aggregation of players who, although they have not met the acid test of experience, are fired with spontaneous life and vigor that will win the games this season.

In the first game of the current season the Cards were victimized at a count of 4 - 1 by a clever Central Normal nine. The defeat may be charged to inexperience, because the Cardinal team still lacks finish, and needs the stress of actual combat to atune itself to playing conditions. Because the "Saints" are young, ambitious, and determined to uphold the prestige that has been a precedent among the fine teams of the past, we are sure that the season of 1936 will not be a disappointment.



Eddie Bubala — catcher — serious — natural born player — plenty of form and ability.

Norb Dreiling — pitcher — slabman extraordinary — dangerous sluggers become lambs against his slants.

Joe Smolar — first baseman — southpaw midget — arms seem a mile long — none get by Joe in the field or at the bat.

Dick Scharf — second baseman — recruit — dependable — gets hits when needed most.

Bill Stack — shortstop — picks up with a smile — talks it up at short.

Charley Froelich — third baseman — small — shifty — arm of steel — waits 'em out but can sock 'em.

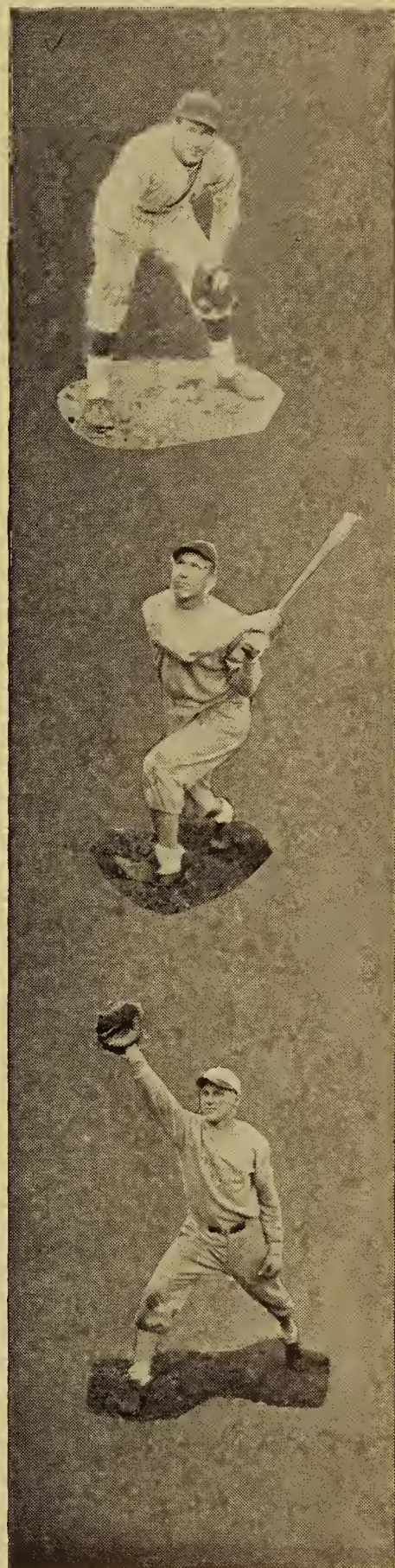
Paul Weaver — left fielder — ball hawk — mainstay of team — bats in clean-up position — he's plenty good.

Ed Finan — centerfielder — ambitious — puts the accent on speed.

Bob Hatton — right fielder — big — vicious swing — when he hits it's usually for extra bases.

Dinah Beckman — catcher — gabby behind the plate — he can handle his pitchers.

Hank Leugers — pitcher — dependable — cool — has zip and curves on the apple.

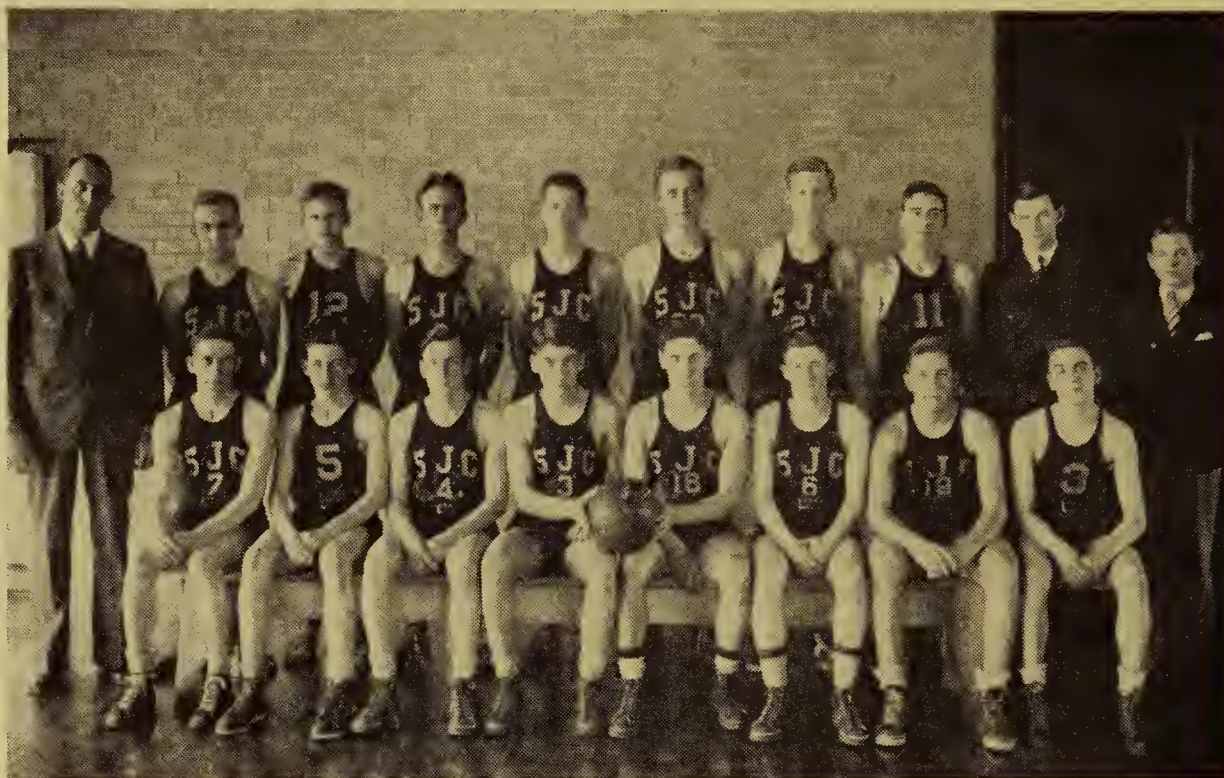


1936 BASEBALL SCHEDULE

St. Joseph's	April 24	Central Normal	T
St. Joseph's	May 3	Joliet	H
St. Joseph's	May 4	Alumni	H
St. Joseph's	May 8	Manchester	T
St. Joseph's	May 15	Huntington	H
St. Joseph's	May 20	Manchester	H
St. Joseph's	May 23	Joliet	T



Junior  
Cardinals



For the first time in its history, St. Joseph's College was represented on the hardwood floor by High School Varsity. The Athletic Association believed that the inauguration of a varsity in the High School department would be beneficial from various standpoints. The main purpose, however, is to build up material for future College teams and to provide preliminary games on the home floor.

Although this was the first year of outside competition, the Junior Cardinals were given an envious but difficult schedule with the neighboring High Schools. From their eight encounters the Junior Cards emerged with two decisive victories, both over Mt. Ayr. In spite of being handicapped by the fact that they were playing together on the same team for the first time, the Junior Cardinals deserve high praise for their performance against the veteran and more experienced teams they met.

The main cogs in the High School machine were: Manderbach and Hanpeter at forward, Petit and Moorman at center, and McGraw, Thurin, and Doyle at guard positions.



## Intramural Football

Boasting an enviable record of four wins and no losses, the Seniors snatched first place in the intramural football league. Paced by the splendid sallies of Muresan and Zimmerman, and the brilliant defensive play of Lengerich, the Senior eleven coasted through the entire 1935 season without having been scored on.

Neck and neck through a hectic season were the High School Seniors and the College Freshmen, with two victories apiece. Curosh and Hinton were potent factors in the Fourth's drive, while Couhig, Kolanski, and Dorsten were gallant actors in the successful campaign waged by the College Freshmen.

A doughty little Second Year team is proud of the slashing play of McNamara, Cunningham, and Ormsby, who drove them to victory over the struggling High School Juniors. The Thirds, even though their stellar men — Cyr, Krill, and Brunner — fought desperately, had to be content with a zero in their win column.







## Intramural Basketball

(Senior League)

The intramural quintet of the Class of '36 came through its season with a perfect record of seven wins and no losses. Unleashing an amazing display of floorwork and basketball pyrotechnics, the seniors, piloted by Ed Bubala and Chuck Froelich, won all their contests by decisive scores, justly meriting the undisputable right to the championship of the school. The college freshman quintet, under the generalship of Jerry Hutter, was the only team that gave the conquering seniors a fight for their points, proving themselves a pugnacious troupe of basketeers.

A much handicapped Fourth year team made a brilliant but futile attempt to score victories. Although the Fourths determined to have a shut-out season, they finally managed to win a game at the very end of the season. The Thirds, in spite of taking the cellar position, displayed spasmodic spurts of good basketball throughout the season, finally hanging up one victory to their credit.

## Intramural Basketball

(Junior League)

In a post-season game the Thirds and Seconds battled out a first place tie to decide who was to rule as champs of the Junior League in Intramural basketball. Moegling, Lesch, Brummer, Krill, and Weber brought the 26 - 12 victory to the Third year team, clinching the championship.

Scorned at the opening of the season as a cellar team, the freshies turned out to be the basketball sensation of the season. The little giants, headed by McNamara, Flittner, Ormsby, and Tyber, went up against teams that were considered their superiors, but won six games out of eight to merit second place in the league.

The Fourth year team, managed by Grieshaber, landed in third position, winning two out of their six encounters. The Seconds, vainly trying their best, found themselves in the cellar position when the season ended, holding the shut-out record of no wins and seven losses.



## Humor

### MERELY A QUESTION OF TIME

Bernard Shank: (in chemistry lab) "Why are you mixing these chemicals?"

Prof: "I'm looking for a universal solvent."

Shank: "What's that?"

Prof: "A liquid that will dissolve anything."

Shank: "That's a great idea! But, say — what will you keep it in when you do find it?"

---

Shank can put anyone on the spot with his inexhaustible supply of questions. Sometimes they're not so dumb, either, and considerable concentration is required for an adequate reply.

---

Just give "Bets" the "why, when where, and how?" of a thing and he's satisfied.

---

Undoubtedly, there is no universal solvent, else Bernard would have discovered it long ago. Many were the times that he ducked his head below the work bench as he mixed a chemical to see what would happen.

### OUR BUDDING OPERA STAR

"Nelson Eddy" Steininger, with aspirations to be a singer — and, as is often the case, little more — recently visited the music department for a vocal test. Our good, patient music professor played a selection while the budding and ambitious "Nelson" poured out his choicest assortment of flats and screeching sharps. When he had finished, Prof swung around on his stool, and in a hopeless voice said:

"Mein goodness! Never before have I heard such a voice. I play on der Vite keys, und I play on der Black keys: but you sing in der cracks!"

---

Please don't let us discourage you, Stein; perseverance generally leads to its goal. We always appreciate your locker-room crooning; in fact, we are **behind** you one hundred per cent.

I'm sure that with a few more lessons you will at least be able to get the gong on Major Bowe's program.





### CAN'T FOOL ME, SEZ HAM

Henrikson: "My gosh! I don't believe that any woman could be so fat!"

Smolar: "What are you reading now?"

Henrikson: "Why, this paper says that an English woman lost two thousand pounds in one day."

---

Why so amazed, Lez? Haven't you heard of Queenie, the fat lady of the circus? Then too, you've certainly heard of the modern method of reducing, by dieting!

---

If you promise to keep this secret, we'll tell you what we think. Of course, we're not absolutely positive, but we think that "Pound" is an English unit of money.

### EVIDENTLY NOT A FLIVVER

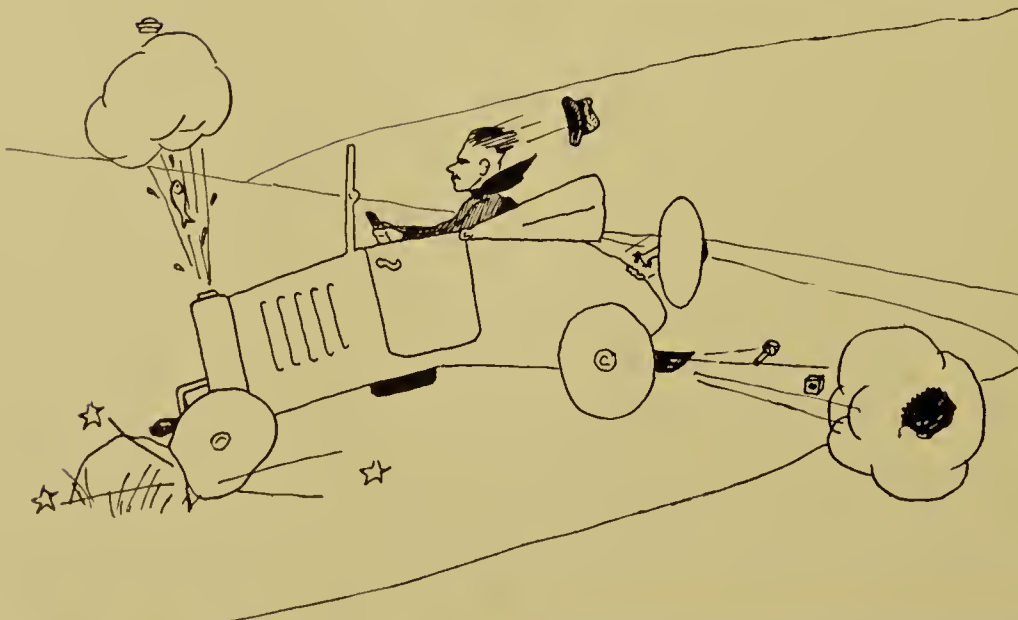
Hubby, teaching the Mrs. to drive:

"Now, we're all set. Just turn that jigger over and push on the hickey with your left hand and pull down on that other little jim-crack with your right. Then press down on the doodad with your foot and pull the thingum-abob at the same time; and when she starts, you push down on the doofunny with your left foot, and yank the umpty-diddy back, then let up on the foot-dingus and put your other foot on the hickeymadoodle. And don't forget to push down on the hootnanny every time you move the whatyoumacallit, and you'll be hunky-dory, see?"

---

Somehow he seems to have forgotten the "dufenlally" and the "hinkadoo", or weren't there any more devices? Just who this expert driving tutor really is, we don't know, but the terms certainly resemble our editor's campus prattle.

Such instructions remind us of the patient husband



who accompanied his wife on one of her driving escapades. As imminent danger loomed, he nervously exclaimed: "Use your noodle, use your noodle!" After the crash she said: "It just serves you right. You never told me where the noodle was!"



## Class Register

NAME	ADDRESS	
Roman Anderson	420 McKinley Ave.	Waukegan, Ill.
Robert Beckman		Loretto, Tenn.
Herbert Bensman	R. R. 2, Box 51	Anna, Ohio
Edward Bubala	1210 Euclid Ave.	Whiting, Ind.
Alvin Burns	R. F. D. 3, Box 297	Fostoria, Ohio
Benedict D'Angelo	7046 S. Lincoln	Chicago, Ill.
Timothy Doody	1845 New York Ave.	Whiting, Ind.
Norbert Dreiling		Victoria, Kansas
Aurele Durocher	Box 24	Gwinn, Mich.
Andrew Ferencak	59 Fairview Ave.	Campbell, Ohio
Earl Foos	14 Beach St.	Shelby, Ohio
William Frantz	1477 Duke St.	York, Pa.
Charles Froelich	434 Jackson Ave.	Defiance, Ohio
Anthony Gamble	123 Owasco St.	Auburn, N. Y.
Joseph Grevencamp		Fort Recovery, Ohio
Thomas Growney	3126 Seneca St.	St. Joseph, Mo.
Henry Gzybowski	2701 Wayne Trace	Fort Wayne, Ind.
Robert Hatton		Rensselaer, Ind.
Leslie J. Henrikson	1919 Superior	Whiting, Ind.
Robert Hoevel	R. R. 10	Fort Wayne, Ind.
John Hoorman		St. Marys, Ohio
Urban Hoying		Anna, Ohio
Robert Kaple	157 S. Walnut St.	Ottawa, Ohio
Ambrose Lengerich	R. R. 2	Decatur, Ind.
Robert Lux	1421 4th St., N. E.	Canton, Ohio
Francis McCarthy	5632 Nottingham Ave.	St. Louis, Mo.
John McCarthy		Lake Forest, Ill.
Stanley Meiring	54 S. Main	Minster, Ohio
Lawrence Mertes	801 7th St., N. W.	Canton, Ohio
Gerald Meyer	R. R. 2	Avilla, Ind.
Donald Muldoon	131 Leith St.	Fort Wayne, Ind.
George C. Muresan	525 143rd St.	East Chicago, Ind.
James O'Connor	815 Tyler	Gary, Ind.
Fabian Oris	133 Walnut St.	Uniontown, Pa.
Albert Ottenweller	305 Pearl St.	Leipsic, Ohio
Michael Pachowiak	2005 S. Wabash	Michigan City, Ind.
Richard Scharf	353 W. High St.	Fostoria, Ohio
Fred Schroeder	235 W. Broadway	Mishawaka, Ind.
Bernard Shank	R. R. 1	Winamac, Ind.
Vincent Shank	321 N. Market St.	Winamac, Ind.
Joseph Smolar	2049 W. Park Ave.	Whiting, Ind.
William Stack	4402 W. 49th St.	Cleveland, Ohio
Fred Steininger	1682 W. 11th Ave.	Gary, Ind.
Louis Telegdy	273 N. Gallatin Ave.	Uniontown, Pa.
Fred Tietz		Ottawa, Ohio
Richard Trame	1131 Napoleon	Ottawa, Ohio
Albert Van Nevel	553 W. 8th St.	Mishawaka, Ind.
Paul Weaver		New Bavaria, Ohio
Joseph Westhoven	333 N. County Line	Fostoria, Ohio
Eugene Zimmerman	1692 W. 11th Ave.	Gary, Ind.
Edward Zukowski	12242 Charest St.	Detroit, Mich.



## Autographs

'36



## Autographs



## Autographs



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